The Nation

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The Week

Are Texas Democrats really collecting a fund of $50,000 for Mr. Bryan on condition that the Secretary of State shall abandon his Chautauqua work and devote himself exclusively to his duties at Washington? Mr. Bryan will probably lose no time in squelching a project which may lead some people to confuse him with Walter Johnson, who only the other day received a silver cup three and a half feet high full of money. The friends and enemies of Mr. Bryan would be equally delighted to contribute. His friends, however, should remember that the Secretary of State cares for the excitement of Chautauqua as much as for the profits. Mr. Bryan off the lecture platform is inconceivable. And it has yet to be shown that his work in Washington suffers as a result of his platform work. Like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. La Follette, and other popular exhorters, he probably finds oratory no strain on the mind. While delivering "The Prince of Peace" he may easily be thinking out the Mexican situation.

The tariff bill has reached the stage where already the attentive ear ought to discern the first ominous groanings of the nation's industries preparing to crumble into ruin; but our industries are obviously refusing to crumble. Foreign trade, domestic trade, railway receipts are all picking up. Instead of the carpenter's hammer upon the walls of temporary soup kitchens, the tattoo is of the ironworker on the steel of ascending skyscrapers. The nation is showing keen concern with regard to our interests in Mexico, our interests in Nicaragua, our interests in Venezuela, thus justifying the assumption that after the tariff bill is passed we shall still have a few fragmentary interests left somewhere. It is true that by dint of hard research Senator Penrose has discovered a manufacturing concern in northeastern Pennsylvania which has suspended operations; but Senator Penrose has presented his instance more in a spirit of duty than of enthusiasm. It is plain that Prosperity has played the Bulgarian trick on its ancient ally, the Republican Party.

As it passed the House, the tariff bill contained a clause prohibiting the importation of the plumage of wild birds. This provision has been so altered by the Senate Finance Committee as to make it useless for the purpose for which it was designed. Under the clause as it now stands, all feathers excepting only aigrettes may be admitted. Since this action has been ratified by the Democratic caucus, the only hope of defeating it lies in the Senate as a whole. There can be little doubt regarding the sentiment of people in general upon the subject. No one who realizes what the use of plumage of this sort means for the wild-bird life of vast areas can be long in condemning it. Already the slaughter of birds has gone so far as to threaten the extinction of certain species. The only way to stop it is to make it pecuniarily unprofitable. And that is just what the provision in question contemplated. So effective was it deemed to be by the commercial interests concerned that they exerted themselves to get it changed by the Finance Committee of the Senate, and successfully. Those who took the trouble of writing members of the House when the contest was on there, need to redouble their efforts with members of the Senate, if all their work is not to be lost.

The decision of the House Banking and Currency Committee, providing for an advisory board of bankers to act in coöperation with the central "Federal Reserve Board" under the pending bill, is a distinct step in advance. As the provisions of the amendment are described in the dispatches, the new Board is to consist of as many members as there are regional reserve banks, and each regional bank is to select one member. It is also stated that its functions are to be advisory only. Under such conditions, its actual power and usefulness would naturally depend on the extent to which the Federal Board consulted it and deferred to it. That cannot be predicted with absolute assurance; but it is hardly open to doubt that the presence of so authoritative a committee in the field, created by the law, would make such consultation inevitable. Otherwise the Federal Board would be placing itself in direct antagonism to the whole system of regional reserve banks; and this would be a far more difficult and unpopular policy to pursue than defiance of the Wall Street banks alone. Whether by law, or by custom having the force of law, the authority of the Federal Board to "require Federal reserve banks to rediscount the discounted prime paper of other Federal reserve banks"; to suspend for stipulated periods "any and every reserve requirement," and to "grant in part or reject entirely" the application of any Federal reserve bank for note circulation, ought never to be exercised without the approval of this advisory committee.

It was to be expected that the express companies would find grounds for dissatisfaction with the new rate schedules promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In a matter of such complicated nature the outsider must assume that the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, based on the most elaborate investigations extending over a period of three years, and after prolonged hearings in which the express companies were represented by counsel, are just and reasonable. This, in spite of the fact that at first sight there is some justification for the complaint made by the head of one company that the new schedules aim to force the companies into impossible competition with the parcel post. Thus, for packages between five and twenty pounds, for virtually all distances, the new rates prescribe a lower charge by the express companies than the parcel post exacts. Since the Post Office is not conducted with a view to profit, and presumably fixes its charges at an irreducible minimum, the companies have a *prima facie* case against being compelled to go even below that minimum. But the position of the Interstate Commission is that the general nature of the express business is such that the discrimination is justified. Increase of business, on the one hand, and the abolition of franks and rebates, on the other, are counted upon to do more than make up the initial decrease in revenue.

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The amusements of legislators would be a suitable subject for some hard-pressed candidate for a Ph.D. Material is abundant. Among the perennial diversions in which lawmakers engage, more especially in the West and South, is the introduction of bills for the removal of the State capital. This always arouses the spirit of local patriotism, and gives large opportunity for repartee. Oklahoma has devoted rather more attention to locating her capital than to anything else, except guaranteeing bank deposits. Now, after an extraordinary session of the Legislature, a decision by the United States Supreme Court, and resort to the initiative, Oklahoma City seems to have put Guthrie out of the running. Georgia is not so easily satisfied. Her General Assembly is facing the question of calling a special election to accept or reject a Constitutional amendment removing the seat of government from Augusta to Macon. The issue presents itself to residents of the latter city as simply whether the people of the State shall have the right to say where their capital shall be situated. Residents of Augusta see no reason for going to the trouble and expense of a special election to determine a matter which all people outside of Macon regard as having been settled, and settled right, long before any of them were born.

That favorite weapon of educators, the *questionnaire*, has been turned against them. Members of school boards in Ohio have received from the State Department of Education a list of such questions as these: "Are your teachers strong leaders in your community? Have your teachers made any effort to have flowers, shrubs, good lawns, and trees on school or church grounds? Have your teachers tried to organize a lecture course to help the community? Have your teachers tried to secure a farmers' institute at State expense for your community?" The replies show with emphasis how many things at once it is possible for a teacher to leave undone. Only 202 teachers are reported as being "strong leaders" in their communities, while 445 are not so regarded. This proportion, or a worse one, holds for the other questions. Only 71 teachers have sought to obtain a farmers' institute, as against 570 who have not. No wonder that to another question, "Do you believe that teachers are as thoroughly competent to teach as they should be?" only 121 trustees say yes, and 543 say no. Persons in other occupations may well pray to be saved from this modern Inquisition.

Many questions of prison management give rise to differences of opinion; but on one point none exists. Wherever the shortcomings of the penal system are looked into, in any State of the Union, the elimination of politics is set down as an indispensable requirement of its sound administration. In Texas, a legislative committee appointed several months ago has just made a voluminous report, covering a great many aspects of the question, ranging from the need of fireproof construction to the hours of labor for the prisoner and the salaries to be paid prison officials; but the report winds up with this paragraph:

> The prison system has suffered long and greatly from the demoralizing power of political interference, and neither the financial independence of the system nor substantial advancement in the moral reformation of the convicts may be expected until business considerations in the management of the affairs of the system supersede political influence, and merit supplants favoritism.

The formal regrets of Great Britain and Russia over their inability to attend our big party in 1915 will be received with disappointment and something like consternation at San Francisco. Was it for this that the California city lobbied at Washington and finally defeated New Orleans in the contest for the location of the Panama Exposition? What is a world's fair without world Powers? They have their reasons, to be sure. England lets it be known that she has been spending too freely for such functions, and that she proposes to stop —for a year anyway. Germany, who is hesitating along with Austria, fears that her designs may be copied if they are exposed to the gaze of her rivals. But it is not necessary to resort to a reader of the stars to learn that, as often in the case of formal regrets, part of the reasons, and perhaps the controlling part, are not given. Our European friends do not quite see the advantage to them in contributing to the success of a celebration which would remind them of the discrimination that we intend against them in the use of the very Canal whose completion was the occasion of glory. Japan, too, may find that she "cannot" come. Will California be puzzled over such an answer from her? And which of our toll-discriminating Senators will be so absent-minded as to say anything about international bad manners?

It is not necessary to dwell upon the retirement of Ambassador Wilson. That became inevitable long since. If anything were needed to complete the demonstration of his unfitness for a delicate work of diplomacy, it would have been supplied by his gross indiscretions since returning to this country. No one denies that he was laborious and energetic while in Mexico, or that he did everything within his power to safeguard American citizens there during the troublous times of his service. He evidently earned the good-will of the American colony in Mexico. But this did not warrant him in setting himself up as the Sir Oracle on Mexican affairs; did not justify him in seeking to force his opinion on our Government; certainly did not excuse him for his foolish and offensive talk on arriving in New York. If he got a cool reception at the White House, followed by a curt announcement that his resignation had been accepted, the fault was his own. The time had plainly come for a new man and new methods.

Mr. John Lind, ex-Governor of Minnesota, it must be confessed, does not appear to have special qualifications for the task on which the President has sent him. He has no command of Spanish, but this is not a very serious handicap in dealing with Mexican officials, many of whom speak English. It is admitted, too, that Mr. Lind has had no occasion to study Mexican questions. But he goes with the reputation of a man honest and clean-cut, and it is only fair to remember that, at least in the beginning, all that he will have to do will be to carry out President Wilson's instructions. As it is stated that these will be published here at the same time they are made known in Mexico, the net result will be that the whole world will be advised of the proposals that Mr. Lind is making. That should simplify his mission, even if it does not make it easy.

The treaty for the Nicaraguan protectorate was not in completed form when Secretary Bryan submitted it to the Sen-

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ate for the purpose of getting advice before signing it and seeking its ratification. In that form it has been negatived by the Foreign Affairs Committee. Indeed, its reception by the country at large, as well as by the Senate, has been unfavorable—the praise coming mainly from Republican jingoes like Senator Lodge. In general, the people were unconvinced of either its necessity or its wisdom. They denied the alleged parallel with Cuban conditions. We have and can have no such relations with Nicaragua as with Cuba. Moreover, the advantages we were to win were slight and dubious, while the obligations we were to incur were large and all the more dangerous for being vague. And the fact that the proposed protectorate over Nicaragua awakens such unconcealed dislike and suspicion in the other Central American republics is strongly against it.

Friends of Venezuela who have anxiously traced ex-President Castro's wanderings will not welcome reports of his return home. Ever since his political début in 1900 calamity has followed his footsteps. The only question will be as to the strength of the faction he can command. He is widely hated. Yet after ex-Minister Northcott's recent assertion that "Castro is such an international outlaw that if he should venture back the majority would throw him into the sea," the stir he is already making gives color to a new view of Latin-American revolutions. They are less a habit than a malady. But there is no doubt in this instance as to the position of sound sentiment both in Venezuela and abroad. Memory of Castro's eight-year oligarchy should throw unexampled fervor into resistance to him. In his four years of virtual peace the country has made genuine progress in development. Experience of this tranquillity should lend vigor to the defence of the Government and to its appeals for moral support from outside.

Despite many evidences of success, some features of the English Workingmen's Insurance Act are testing the logic on which Bernard Shaw derided the old system. Men, he said, having seen that they could provide for a supply of bread by giving bakers a pecuniary interest in baking for them, insanely went on to give surgeons a pecuniary interest in cutting off legs. But if it was formerly too much to the physician's interest to discover ills, there is some evidence that it is now too much to society's. With the ignorant always fond of taking medicine, it is alleged that where state and fraternal benefits permit a thirty-shilling-a-week laborer to earn forty by staying abed, some have succumbed to the temptation. Malingering still implicates the ethics of the profession, moreover, for the great number of sickness claims has nearly doubled the income of the English doctor. But the authorities seem right in denying that it exists to any serious degree. They can reasonably point out that one of the purposes of the Act was to bring to light the great amount of ill-health that has hitherto gone neglected among the poorer classes, and that much genuine illness has been revealed for the first time. At any rate, the proposal that independent medical referees shall pass upon doubtful claims seems an easy way out of the difficulty.

It seems incredible that an English statesman should set out deliberately to discourage thought, but how else are we to speak of Lord Loreburn's bill "to prohibit certain prize competitions"? One form of these competitions is aptly termed "the Thinklet." The Thinklet is described as an entity with two parts. These are the example and the derivative. Words are given in ones, twos, or threes, the final letters of which you are to use as the initial letters of a similar group "bearing apt relation to the example." A simple diagram will make the process clear:

Example.	*Thinklet.*
HomE	Every
froM	Mother's
schooL	Lad

Now, there are perhaps a score of weekly journals in England engaged in this thought-provoking business, in connection with which they offer Mammoth Cash Prizes. The other day, we read, a Scotsman in Barrie's Thrums received £500 for this masterpiece:

Example.	*Thinklet.*
SweetheartS	Shillings
anD	Differently
WiveS	Survey.

And this high intellectual effort Lord Loreburn would have the Mother of Parliaments stigmatize as a lottery!

The French Chamber having voted the new army bill by an enthusiastic majority, the Socialists have now demanded that the Government shall come down to the question of ways and means. As usual, the agile Ministers had leaped over this distasteful topic with a statement showing a surplus of $10,000, though everybody knows that actually there is a large deficit. But the Socialists desire to see the Government live up to its promise that the new financial burdens shall be placed on the shoulders of the rich; and, borrowing a leaf from Germany, they suggest a tax not merely upon incomes, but upon capital. The Government had introduced a bill taxing incomes of $2,000 and above, depending upon this to pacify the extremists until the budget goes through. That the real deficit of 1913, and the threatened deficit of 1914, require some provision, no one denies. But many suggest expedients other than the working out of a whole new system of taxation. As at Washington, the perspiring wail in Paris is, "What mood are we in for such a subject?" The one sure result seems to be the killing of many costly measures of social legislation, and the stripping of the army bill of all but its essentials.

An aspect of the Rand strike which loomed largest in Africa has attracted the least attention abroad. It was fear that the discontent of the whites would spread to the natives. And if the strike was nearly negligible in its economic results, it has had one important effect in directing new attention to the race problem in South Africa. Upon this topic the new Fiftieth Anniversary Edition of the "Negro Year Book" has some notable comment. Only a few months ago the first congress of all the tribes gathered at Bloemfontein and made a statement of their attitude towards the Government's policy. "There are signs," said the president, "that the European and colored sections of the country are daily drifting into hostile camps." Most of their demands seem highly reasonable. They ask the Government to restrict the sale of liquor in the mining camps, to give them an arts-and-crafts education, with native agricultural colleges, and to protect them from specified injuries. They cannot plead white responsibility for their presence, but they have the more valid claim to a land-ownership which certain legislative measures have undermined.

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE NEGRO.

Mr. Wilson finds himself thus early in his Administration at the parting of the ways in the matter of the negro citizen. His nomination of Mr. A. E. Patterson, of Oklahoma, as Register of the Treasury, has been withdrawn at the nominee's request, and for the first time in a quarter of a century the office is to go to some one other than to a negro. Mr. Patterson asked to be allowed to withdraw because of the violent opposition of the negrophobe Southern Senators—Vardaman, Tillman, Hoke Smith, and the rest. That he lacked the courage to stick it out and to insist on having his name passed upon is greatly to be regretted. In a sense, he was recreant to his race; that he has not helped either Mr. Wilson or the colored people appears clearly from Vardaman's glorying. No negro, says the confident Senator, shall be appointed to any executive office in which there may be subordinate white employees; and his platform contains these further demands: "Segregation in all forms of Government employment; the entire separation of the races in Federal employ; negroes and white people must not be compelled to work side by side." The integrity of the Anglo-Saxon race, Mr. Vardaman adds, depends upon the "faithful consummation" of this programme. What a delicate integrity it must be!

For the first time since we have heard of him, it occurs to us that this Senator from Mississippi is serving a useful purpose. He has flung down a challenge to this Democratic Administration which Mr. Wilson cannot avoid. Shall the President give up the historic right of the Executive to appoint to office, to the extent at least of permitting a fraction of the Senate to bar out ten millions of American citizens from serving the Government, save in the lowest positions, and then as lepers set apart? Does he sympathize wholly or in any degree with the attitude of Hoke Smith and Vardaman? Is he going to ignore the colored man in his appointments hereafter, or is he going to select some one who will stick, and then fight it out on that line, whether it takes all summer or the rest of his Administration? Shall he fling the negro overboard after more of that race voted for Wilson than for any other Democratic candidate; shall he be a just President of *all* the American people, or only of those of the white race? Is the "New Freedom" to be accepted as preaching political doctrines whose truths are no longer truths when they meet the color line?

We understand, of course, how uncomfortable it must be for the President to encounter the enmity of the Southern Senators at this time. His tariff bill and his currency measure are before them, and his whole legislative programme not yet formulated will go before them next winter. But he has excellent Democratic precedent for stubbornly taking his position against them and sticking to it. Mr. Cleveland nominated a colored man to this same office of Register of the Treasury, and when, after a long struggle, he could not obtain his confirmation, he sent in the name of another one and had his way. Mr. Roosevelt's long fight on behalf of the confirmation of Dr. W. D. Crum, of Charleston, S. C., was altogether one of the finest things in his Administration. Can Mr. Wilson do less? We do not see how it is possible for him to steer a course of compromise and expediency in this matter, and we can not believe that he wishes to do so. The assurances that he gave to the negro delegations which called upon him during the campaign would forbid it, did he not naturally subscribe to the doctrine of all men up and none down.

So far as the colored people are concerned, they are already deeply stirred by the action of several of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet officers in segregating the negro employees within their Departments—in some cases they are screened off in corners as if even their aspect were contaminating. As usual in such cases, the excuse is that it is all for the negroes' welfare. That they are thereby rendered more safe in the possession of their offices, and are less likely to be discriminated against, is the sincere belief of some who have had part in this innovation. They do not see that this for the first time officially establishes a caste among the citizens and employees of the Federal Government; that within a short time the negro sections will be pointed to as the "nigger departments" and made the objects of the derision and hate of such men as Vardaman and Hoke Smith and their less conspicuous imitators; that the "nigger sections" will become as despised and as neglected as the "Jim Crow" car. So far from helping the negro to retain office, it will soon make it impossible for self-respecting negroes to enter a service which begins by classifying them as people who must be set off lest mere contact with them should result in some kind of moral contamination. In the Far South every fresh act of discrimination, every additional effort to degrade and to humiliate, will allege its justification by this action of the Federal Government.

That all of this will go without challenge is not to be expected. The Progressive Senators are already alive to their opportunity. The colored people themselves are beginning to be heard from, and their political influence is not to be despised. But we do not believe that this phase of it will concern Mr. Wilson. We think that when the matter is put before him in its true light, he will withhold his sanction from it, just as we believe that he will not permit any Southern reactionaries, however influential, to deter him from giving, in the matter of offices, fair play to a heavily disadvantaged race.

THE DEBTOR CLASS REDIVIVUS.

The introductory paragraph in the statement issued by Representative Henry, of Texas, concerning the amendments proposed by himself and others to the banking and currency bill has attracted less attention than it deserves. It is notable as reintroducing upon the political stage, after a long absence, an old friend who at one time attracted a large share of public attention. The bill, says Mr. Henry, has been drawn wholly "without provision for the debtor classes and those who toil, produce, and sustain the country." The wrongs of the "debtor class" were the very centre of the free-silver agitation. It was against that class that "the crime of '73" was committed. It was the cruelty of the gold conspirators towards the poor farmer that put upon them the deepest brand of infamy. "Putting the dollar above the man" was not, in those days, a mere general designation for plutocratic rapacity; it meant most specifically what was happening to the mortgage-burdened farmer. Prices were falling, the purchasing power of the dollar was rising; the dollar which he had to give in payment of his debt was worth more than the dollar he had borrowed. The same thing was true of debtors in general. And yet the heartless "creditor class" insisted on the dollar being kept unaltered;

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they wanted their pound of flesh. They put the dollar above the man. They were crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold.

About fifteen years ago there set in a movement of prices in the opposite direction. It soon reached very marked dimensions, and for the past eight or ten years has resulted in so rapid an advance of prices as has seldom been witnessed. The world is ringing with discussion of the extraordinary high prices of the time. It is quite as universal, and quite as intense, as was the low-price talk of the '80s and the early '90s. Debtors have been redeeming their obligations in dollars having less purchasing power than had the dollars that they borrowed. Creditors have been accepting in full payment the number of dollars called for on the face of the transaction, without any allowance for the fact that the dollar returned is not worth as much as the dollar lent. Under these circumstances, it might be expected that there would be a great outcry on the part of the "creditor class," corresponding to the outcry of the "debtor class" twenty and thirty years ago. But one hears nothing of the kind. If the creditor class really committed "the crime of '73," for the sake of squeezing an unearned increment out of their debtors in the shape of dollars of excessive value, they are certainly now showing amazing self-control in accepting without a murmur dollars of deficient value. Nowhere is there the slightest sign of their attempting to check the process of depreciation, or promoting legislation to offset it. And on the other hand, we hear nothing from the "debtor class" as to its remarkable good fortune.

It is interesting to note a circumstance which throws this singular attitude of indifference on the part of the "creditor class" into a peculiarly strong light. A plan has been proposed, and urged with great ability, by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, for keeping the purchasing power of the dollar stable. There can be no ethical objection to it, on the ground of its disturbing existing contracts, as was the case with the 16-to-1 proposal; for Professor Fisher's plan of the "compensated dollar" would start with the dollar as it is; its adjustments are designed only to counteract future changes in the purchasing power of gold. But, so far from the "creditor class" jumping at this chance for preventing future losses, we have yet to hear of a single financial magnate who takes the slightest interest in it. It is left to be threshed out by professors of political economy, and such-like harmless people. With billions trembling in the balance, the Morgans and the Rothschilds are content to putter along with the crude old dollar, or pound sterling, defined as so many grains of gold of such a degree of fineness. They do not even seem to think it worth while to subsidize the professors to write in favor of Professor Fisher's plan, though its theoretical merits are such that advocates of it would be perfectly safe from the suspicion of being hired agents of a conspiracy of bankers. We had occasion recently to draw attention to the admirable article in which Professor Taussig, of Harvard, while admitting the ability of Professor Fisher's argument, gave convincing reasons against it, grounded on the difficulties and uncertainties of its practical operation. It seems plain that, if the "creditor class" were wicked and heartless in standing by the gold dollar when it was working in their favor, they are at least showing exemplary consistency in standing by it when it is working against them.

The particular language used by Mr. Henry suggests another reminder of old-time discussion. He speaks of "the debtor classes and those who toil, produce, and sustain the country." This association of the idea of the "debtor class" with that of the working classes generally is perhaps not unnatural, but it is certainly a delusion and a mischievous one. Apart from the mortgaged farmers, the only "debtor class" of any serious magnitude is the owners of the great business enterprises of the country, which are carried on, in considerable measure, by borrowed money. The wage-earners' interests are rather those of the "creditor class," if one is to use this misleading phraseology of "classes" at all; and still more is this the case with the great army of salaried men and women, whether their yearly pay is six hundred dollars or six thousand. No argument against Bryan's scheme of currency debasement was more sound than that which warned the people that a cheapened dollar meant immediate rise in the price of commodities, while the compensating rise in wages would necessarily be attended with difficulties, and the advance of salaries would be sure to lag painfully behind. All this has been amply illustrated in the story of the past fifteen years. The spokesmen of the free-silver mania were deaf and blind to it; but much water has flowed under the bridge since those days. People will neither be hypnotized into imagining that they belong to the "debtor class" when they do not, nor moved to tears over grievances of that class which have no existence.

POLITICAL PROPHECY.

All men are intuitive prophets. This is part of their proud claim to the possession of reason looking before and after. On all sides one meets Happy Warriors professing to see in current events only what they foresaw and predicted. Especially in public affairs are the most unlikely Sauls found among the prophets. Who of us has not been drawn aside by a man bearing none of the outer insignia of a prophet, who begs his hearer to mark his words as he proceeds to unroll the book of fate? His favorite field is political campaigns. He will tell you who is going to be elected and why. Near and far his eye rolls in a fine frenzy, and his forecasts are as universal and sweeping and—we regret to say—usually as inaccurate as those of the old-style almanac. Despite frequent ludicrous confoundings by the event, this kind of prophet comes up smiling after every failure. He is stayed by no consideration of probability or the doctrine of chances, and openly flouts the maxim not to prophesy "onless ye know."

These displays of the ordinary fallible mortal are usually looked upon by the judicious with a kind of pitying amusement. They are regarded as merely one proof more of human vanity. But what are we to say when a distinguished scientist comes forward with the idea that exact prevision of events ought to be a part of the equipment of every statesman, and that politics can be raised to the dignity of a full-fledged science, of which one of the marks is that it is able to predict the future? The authority we refer to is the famous chemist, Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, formerly of Leipzig University. An article of his, written for the *Independent*, bears the title, in translation, "The Wave Theory of History"; and the au-

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thor seeks to show that economic and political movements can be reduced to a definite law, with the result that "politics can be transformed from a mere knack, as it has been regarded since olden times, into a science like technology with the power of sure and far-reaching prophecy."

Professor Ostwald's "wave theory," as he explains it in this short article, seems to be not so very different from our old acquaintance, "the swing of the pendulum," or "action and reaction." To be sure, he makes some nice observations and helpful qualifications; and in the sphere of economic changes, makes out a fairly good case for the belief that they move in cycles. If you only know in which part of the cycle you are, at any given time, you can roughly tell in what direction you are going. But when it is attempted to apply this notion to political evolution and to the whole sweep of politics, difficulties at once arise and are immense. To these Professor Ostwald is not the man to be blind. He merely insists that if the analysis of political movements could only be made delicate enough, we should be able to make out the "general oscillatory law" which determines "the political condition of a given group," and so to know what the future had in store. This, of course, is a tremendous *if*, in which there may or may not reside great virtue. We can all be prophets with an "if." But what most strikes us in this discussion by Professor Ostwald is his omission of all notice of two factors that admittedly sway human affairs, often in most powerful fashion, and yet that seem related to no law and that accordingly vitiate rash prophecies. We mean the elements of accident and of personality.

From the standpoint of Omniscience there is no such thing as accident, but upon the best foresight and plans of mortal men disconcerting and unforeseeable events frequently fall with a crash that disarranges everything and renders prediction futile. What we have in mind is such occurrences as the murder of Cavendish in Phœnix Park, Dublin, which made Parnell sick at heart and almost inclined to abandon the long fight for Home Rule. No one could have foreseen that crime or its effects. It seemed at a stroke to reduce statesmanship to imbecility. In the same way the assassination of President McKinley could no more have been foretold than the end of the world, yet it meant the most profound change in the political life of the United States. How can such things be got into a wave theory, or made to fit an oscillatory law that enables us to predict the future from the present? These accidents come wholly without the prevision of the wisest men, and they have a terrifying way of upsetting the nicest calculations. Confident prophecies they cause to appear ridiculous.

Equally unpredictable is the appearance of a great personal force in public life. We cannot tell when a political genius will rise, or what he will do when he has risen. Strive as we may to reduce everything to order and to observed causation, this personal element, this individual dæmonic energy, is all the time thrusting itself in unexpectedly to break up our classifications and to discredit our prophecies. In politics, too, the greatest thing is man; and without some philosophy of the production of towering genius, we cannot have a philosophy of history on the strength of which the future will be plain to us. What would Germany have been from 1856 to 1870 without Bismarck? Who could have predicted the rôle that Joseph Chamberlain played in English politics from 1900 till the time of his physical break-down? Yet how dissolving and shattering an influence it was which his single personality exerted. Leave out Theodore Roosevelt, and who would dare to attempt to write the political history of the United States for the past dozen years? It is not necessary to cite other examples. The most that even "old experience" can hope to attain to is "*something* of prophetic strain." As for anything like a science of political prediction, we must still side with Professor Ostwald's countryman, Lotze, against the possibility of anything of the kind that is worth the name.

THE DE-NATURING MANIA.

A learned Italian physician has been discoursing in the *Corriere della Sera* about de-coffeeized coffee—*caffe decaffeinato*. A great deal of research has been expended upon the subject in English and German laboratories. The final word is stated by our authority to be that of Professor Lehmann, of the University of Würzburg. According to him, what we need to get rid of in coffee is not *caffeone*, but *caffeina*. Minus the latter, the drink which has been called "the intellectual beverage" may still be used by those who find the infusion of pure coffee harmful.

Into these niceties of chemistry and nerves it is not for the layman to go. What most interests us is to observe that coffeeless coffee is symptomatic of a widespread tendency to take things out of their nature. It shows itself perhaps most prominently in matters of food and drink. Cheese which means indigestion can be eaten with impunity if only it be doctored or served aright. If certain elements can be got out of beer, some can go on drinking what, as it stands, is poison to their system. In Germany there is almost a rage for "Alkoholfrei" drinks that shall yet, somehow, produce the old exhilarations. We say nothing of the thousands of pitiful "substitutes." What is craved is the de-natured article; the injurious viand or beverage disarmed. We want the stimulus without the danger.

But the idea, as every attentive and philosophically minded person must have noticed, has more than merely physical applications. In mental and moral food, too, there is a widespread desire to find a way of indulgence without bad after-effects. We are impatient with the stern old "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Disguise the vice in evil literature, and why can we not go on reading it without harm? If indecent and debasing plays can only be de-natured, or be made to appear de-natured, for the spectator, they can be frequented without moral injury. Similarly, there are all kinds of shifts or pretences to take the sting out of gambling, the bite out of licentiousness, or the loathsomeness out of political corruption.

If one were to dig for the intellectual roots of this tendency to try to take things out of their nature, one would doubtless find them in inability or unwillingness to think clearly and see straight. Few of us like to see the thing exactly as it is. We share the mental vice which Carlyle attributed to the Irish—reluctance, that is, to face the facts as they actually exist; all the time saying to the hard fact: "Thou are not *that* way but *this* way." Men and women love to deceive themselves, as Goldsmith said, and in no way do they more

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often prove this than by fancying they can change realities by giving them some other appearance. By glossing over or covering up, by "treating" or modifying, by looking hard at what we want to see and being blind to all the rest, we imagine that we can make ourselves masters of all things by twisting them out of the rigid forms into which nature poured them. It may be a public office which a man has obtained. This means certain fixed duties, certain hazards, and certain opportunities and rewards, and in general a routine that must be followed. But you will occasionally encounter an office-holder who thinks that he can de-nature his job. Instead of sticking to his desk, he will go off lecturing. Not content to limit himself to either the duties or the salary of his office, he will seek to swell the latter by neglecting the former. This is de-coffeeized coffee in politics.

All these dodges and evasions and efforts to make black appear white—or, at least, a passable gray—will not, in the end, relieve us from making the distinct choices which a rough world imposes upon us. Whether it be food and drink, or a mental habit and moral indulgence—there the thing stands. We can take it or leave it. We can incur the peril open-eyed, or we can avoid it resolutely. But we cannot do both. There are limits beyond which the denaturing process cannot go. Poison will remain poison, however disguised. The more you expel nature with a fork, the more will she return. After all the moral de-coffeeizing that the most artful can do, there is nothing for it but to come back to the old and sane position of Bishop Butler: "Things are what they are, and none of our attempts to make them appear different can alter their essential nature. So why attempt to deceive ourselves?"

THE POET'S BREAD AND BUTTER.

Some attractive letters by the late William Vaughn Moody in the *Atlantic* raise a question that has been, unfortunately, of little moment recently in America. What of our poets' youth and youthful vocations? Even waiving James's maxim that letters is a better avocation than a profession, few young poets can boldly exist, as Alfred Noyes has surprised his contemporaries by doing, on poetry alone. Since Lanier no one has made the topic even one of curiosity; and social conditions have swung through a whole cycle of change since Longfellow and Lowell had professorships or diplomatic posts. The light that Moody sheds on the matter, moreover, would argue the change unfavorable. How was he, fresh from college, to make his living in this hustling twentieth-century America, and yet live to write? Teaching classes at the University of Chicago he found "work heavier far than he fondly hoped it would be." As his leisure contracted, he sometimes believed that "this meaningless drudgery, this crowd of spiteful assiduous nothings that keep me from It (ah, vague, sweet-shrouding, mute, arch vocable!), was tantalizing me into stupid rage." Trundling his "little instructorial droning-gear" into Lake Michigan, he might have turned tramp; but he knew his state of mind was really at fault. I should, he writes, "wake up some night to find my haystack bristling with such goblin dissension as now swarms over my counterpane." His attitude is exactly that of the half-fledged poet, compelled to maintain himself in Pittsburgh or St. Louis till his voice is heard.

What the poet rebels against is a sentiment that the more worldly of his tribe have themselves airily expressed. The practical-minded R. L. Stevenson, for one, felt that this reckless and poverty-stricken son of joy should efface himself before men of real use, or go to work. The world is equally determined that the hanger-on at the feast shall pay his way. This feeling is accentuated in a land where young men are expected to assimilate their fibre to the harsher side of affairs. England has its instances in Masefield, or Francis Thompson, whose works have just been collected. The latter, launched into a legal world where his powers fell nerveless, underwent a whole Iliad of sufferings before he found a sheltered corner to practice his art in. Disinherited, left for three years to house himself under old bridges and in the lee of tenements, he was in his life the extreme, as Moody was the average, expression of the impossibility of poetry as the profession of a minor talent. And in a busy country with no half-tasks, and an urgent demand for enthusiasm in daily work, the artist's ancient dilemma becomes even harder.

There are optimists who think the world more kindly planned; who with eyes on the great athletes of letters, running a vigorous race from the outset, imagine that dash and self-confidence are alone required. No man can justify any profession if he does not believe himself bred to it, and in addition think it highly useful to the world. The aspiring poet can thus defend his choice, and if he meet a little poverty, eke out more than an average of content by a Thoreau-like happiness in his independence and his product. Let him gird up his loins and set about his useful task with the same confident consecration as the missionary or patriot. But this view is of little service to lyres that begin with a doubtful and far-away sound. Poets are troubled, apart from the bare need of bread, by their own uncertainty, and the pressure of friends and society. Even genius, as Hazlitt was at pains to show, is often unconscious of its powers, and unable to establish the worth of what it does except by others' judgment.

All this is, of course, the individual's problem, not the community's. His is the task of balancing between future hope and present necessity. Any patronage but public patronage for the modern poet would be unhealthful. Even if he shared the limited assistance which endowments give to scientists and scholars, it would sap society's sense of duty towards the arts. No struggling versifier could wish that he had any surer means of launching forth than the lawyer or doctor. And he may find various sweet uses in his adversity—a closer acquaintance with life, a call to perseverance, and the protection of his art from the soiling hand of money-grubbing. Yet it was Henley who warned a young friend that he might write verse without swimming far into the work-a-day tides of existence, but not fiction.

We are not, however, without consolation in watching the discomfort of men like Moody and Thompson, counterparts of many other poets. The necessities of occupation in an unkind environment seldom rob us of anything of the highest value. It is only the body of minor verse that is imperilled. The commanding figure, under modern conditions that make a Chatterton's fate almost impossible, will be discovered ere the shades of the counting-house close round him. Or if, like Browning, he remains undiscovered, some appreciation lets his gen-

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erous spirit still work along the plan that pleased his boyish thought. It would be going too far to say that to the minor poet's imprisonment is due the practical note of his verse, from Kipling's engine-room to Masefield's sail-tops.

MAKING IT EASY FOR THE TRAVELLER.

Globe-trotting is so universally catered to nowadays that no traveller ought to be in doubt exactly what he would find, or precisely what he should do, in even the most remote country on earth. Guide-books swarm like novels. Books of travel are kept religiously up to date. Foreign correspondence in the newspapers has, in some forms, largely gone out of style, but letters from abroad are still abundantly printed, which touch upon out-of-the-way routes and detail the methods of life and are full of character sketches. With all this information showered upon the intending traveller, one might think that the least expert could go on his way rejoicing in the certainty that nothing he encountered could take him by surprise.

However, the old question frequently arises, who will guarantee the guarantors? Who will certify to the accuracy of the guide-books, and give a bond that the information published is correct? These doubts concern not so much the ordinary facts, as the niceties of observation, the peculiarities of manners and customs—all those little points about life and travel in a strange land which the foreigner would like to know in advance, but which many there be to tell him that he can by no means ascertain from the printed page. Hence the practice of turning for certitude to "the man who has been there." Hence, also, the impulse of the man who has been there to step forward and tell his departing friend all that he ought to know, but can find out from no other source.

One such lot of volunteered information, based on personal experience, was lately offered by an Englishman to a fellow-countryman about to travel in the United States. It contains many things which must have been news to the traveller—as also many that would be news to the people among whom he was to travel. He was told, for instance, that the "black attendant" on his train in this country would slap him on the back and ask him how he was. At this the Englishman was to show no surprise. The Briton is also advised that every American he casually meets will invite him to take a drink. This he must not refuse, for it would only expose him to the charge of displaying English "side"—this slang term being, of course, familiar to all saloon-frequenting Americans. The Englishman about to sail for this country was informed, likewise, that he would be almost torn apart, on landing, by "runners" from the hotels. At these gentry he was not to swear. The thing to do was to take them quietly, although they "will probably make your life a hell." In fact, he was to take everything quietly; certainly excellent advice for any traveller anywhere. The United States he was not to expect to find "anything like what you have read." This was the reason why his friend was doing him the kindness of letting him into all the inner secrets of the country. But even with this aid he would not be equipped at all points, and so the final all-embracing word of counsel was: "Don't be surprised at anything."

According to this mentor on the pleasing ways of Americans, all of them on board the ship with the British traveller would begin, as soon as they sighted the Statue of Liberty, to rub their hands and to exclaim: "Thank God, we shall soon get a good bit of roast beef now!" At this the forewarned Briton is not to "laugh satirically." But why is not explained. Possibly, the oracle on American affairs thought that the remark quoted was intended to get a "rise" out of the Englishman, and that he could frustrate the malicious jesters by remaining impassive. Or it may be that he felt that the satiric laughter ought to be deferred until the Britisher sat down as a guest at some American table, and proceeded to tell his host that we do not know how to cook roast beef in this country.

Let it not be thought that we are caricaturing this friendly lecture on America, or that it was not written in good faith. It was all printed soberly in the *Manchester Guardian*, and was vouched for as coming from one who had had a "wide experience of the States." But it is so easy to assume wide experience! Thus Mr. Clement Shorter recently wrote a letter to prove how unfounded is the prevalent notion that the hotels in Spain are poor. He knew, because he had just been there. In Madrid he had stayed at a fine hotel. There is another gorgeous one in Granada. In Algeciras there is the Reina Cristina. If he had stopped over at Ronda he would have found the Reina Victoria equally excellent. But what does this prove about Spain as a whole? As well affirm that the cuisine in American hotels is good simply because you had been in New York and fared sumptuously at the hands of a French *chef*.

CLERKS OF THE WOODS.

I.

Edward Martin Taber, a young American artist who died in 1896, never accomplished what, by every token, his sensitive and spiritual nature promised. Harassed by ill health throughout his brief life, and exiled to his "Vale of Paradise" in northern Vermont in 1887, he painted intermittently and kept a meagre journal. This journal, together with a handful of verses and extracts from his letters, has been edited by Mrs. Henry Holt and published in a handsome memorial volume illustrated by reproductions of some of his oil paintings and pencil drawings.* The impression produced by these writings is that of a fragile but brave nature tremulously responsive to the beauty of the outer world, yet never strongly impelled to re-create this beauty in forms of art. In a letter written to his sister shortly before his death, he exclaimed: "What a gift life was, not a right!" He always regarded life as a gift, to be enjoyed subtly as well as deeply; his Epicurean spirit, though overlaid with a dauntless endurance, was fundamental. Life was to him a gift of sunset, bird-song, and human friendship, rather than an opportunity to reproduce experience in color and line, or in letters.

Given the advantage of health, it is probable that Mr. Taber would have been less of the dilettante and more of the artist; enough of the artist, at all events, to have achieved distinction in painting. This "character that is an undying possession to those who knew him," in Mrs. Holt's words, was, after all, instinctively reticent, and even in the exuberance of health would doubtless have shrunk from the explicitness of literary revelation. A distinguished painter he might well have become; but certainly there is not a great deal in "Stowe Notes" that suggests literary power. The dozen poems are delicate, but not effective; the letters reflect the winning personality of the writer much too elusively; and the out-of-doors jour-

**Stowe Notes.* By Edward Martin Taber. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

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nal is disappointing. A good journal, no matter how modest the author, reveals his personality clearly. In Taber's journal, however, the temper of the writer is hardly suggested. He was inveterately Epicurean, in the finer and more spiritual sense, and his Epicureanism took the form of delight in color and line. The following extracts are only typical:

> Lilac sunset sky, green sea, same value; hot Oriental-like sunset, dense ragged cloud above burning waters; black stretches of shore. . . .
>
> A rainy outlook; heavy, moist clouds stretching gray across the sky, lifting low above the western horizon to admit a pale yellow strip of light. . . .
>
> How beautifully Luce's Hill descends to meet the nearer ridge, the crumbling edge of its snow-fields rounding down into a blue hollow, against which is imposed the cloudy wood with its dark points of evergreen on Cady's Hill!

In these examples, description of form, which the reader can visualize with fair success, is interwoven with description of color, which can be visualized much less readily. Ordinarily, however, form is subordinated or neglected:

> Shadows thrown from the belts of purple woodland are a clear light blue; where the wind has packed the snow to form a crust, the surface presents a purple or pinkish shade; the drifting snow is a yellow-white near at hand, in the distance threading the blue or purple fields with lines of golden pink. . . .
>
> What delicate snow-tints, purple, pink, changing to a blue so clear that it becomes greenish in contrast—indeed it may be green rather than blue—I cannot tell.

Who does not linger over that human "I cannot tell," and read with relative indifference the cluttered adjectives of color? What the diarist set down with loving faithfulness results finally in a blur. Very likely these fragmentary illustrations are effective taken by themselves; but when such fragments are strung together interminably, without more than a moment's descent to the region of dogs and horses and rustic folk, or ascent to the region of "A feeling of exaltation and of loneliness crept over me," the result is at last something like confusion and disappointment. We are willing to believe that the diarist is recording sights that made his heart beat with rapture, and yet the record leaves us cold.

II.

The reason is that an Epicurean or Mr. Taber's type does not point out the human significance of nature. He enjoys, he does not seek to interpret. Now, to find human significance in nature is precisely the task of whoever writes of nature. Yet this duty of interpretation is not often directly confronted by our modern diarists and essayists. It is easy enough to describe natural beauty; it is supremely difficult to wrest meaning from nature, or, if you will, put meaning into her. Bradford Torrey, in his "Clerk of the Woods," remarked that his business was "not to be witty or wise, but simply to 'keep the records' "—which, fortunately, does not indicate his own practice. But although Torrey was both witty and wise, and rarely contented himself with keeping the records, most of our latter-day writers on nature, in their essays as well as in their journals, are persistently impersonal. They paint what they see, and often in a slapdash manner far removed from both impressionism and photographic distinctness. The air is fresh, the grass is green, the birds sing melodiously, and there's an end on 't. Like owners of large estates, they take your arm and lead you through garden and grove and valley, pointing at the beauties and talking till you are weary; and they exhibit their hoard of photographs till all the world's a fluid picture. It may be

> that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;

but when painted, not when described. In the painting the meaning shines through; in the written description the meaning is so vague that only an omnivorous reader feels repaid for his trouble. Modifying Jowett's remark about logic, one might well say that "artistic description" of nature is not literature, but a dodge.

III.

A second and allied evasion that is peculiarly popular to-day is scientific description. Just as emphasis on artistic "effects" and "values" impairs the literary value of writing about nature, so does emphasis on digitate leaves and superciliary lines. The graceful exposition of scientific fact is, of course, a legitimate procedure, but one does not think of calling it literature when the effect is wholly impersonal. In the writings of Mr. Burroughs there are long passages that are quite devoid of literary value, because they are barren of personality, although most of his work has literary value through what he happily calls an "intellectual intercourse" with nature. Rarely does he present fact as if it were blank, as if it meant nothing. Fact is related with fact, and with human life, through an intellectual warmth—never spiritual heat—that suffuses all of his better essays. In the eminently readable books of Bradford Torrey, again, there is ever present, as in the letters of Gilbert White, a charming, if not vigorous, personality, through which nature acquires a meaning that she did not wear previously. And the same may be said of all excellent nature-writing.

Ours is indeed an age of observation, and only too often does the faculty of observation prevent the operation of nobler faculties. Walt Whitman, though his catalogues show how fact hypnotized him, was not unaware of the danger. "I do not very particularly seek information," he wrote. "You must not know too much, or be too precise or scientific about birds and trees and flowers and water-craft; a certain free margin, and even vagueness—perhaps ignorant credulity—helps your enjoyment of these things." Yet he succumbed to the influence of a Mr. Whitall, "who posts me up about the stars," and basked in such a factual atmosphere as envelops the following journal entry:

> The moon in her third quarter—the clusters of the Hyades and Pleiades, with the planet Mars between—in full crossing sprawl in the sky the great Egyptian X (Sirius, Procyon, and the main stars in the constellations of the Ship, the Dove, and of Orion); just north of east Boötes, and in his knee Arcturus, an hour high.

One need hardly say that it is well to be on friendly terms with Boötes and Arcturus, but to write about them, and about swamp sparrows and four-leaved loosestrife, in Whitman's manner, is unliterary and perhaps altogether futile. To the unfortunate confusion of the arts of painting and literature we have added a confusion of literature and science that is equally persistent and undesirable. A large proportion of the "nature books" that are published so abundantly to-day are crude fact thinly disguised as literature. Even in Thoreau's "Walden" (though Thoreau was essentially a literary artist rather than a naturalist), there are dreary passages composed of crude fact, reposing in the book like so many glacial boulders in a New England landscape. Thoreau's Journal, one of the dullest diaries extant, contains several entries that indicate that he, like Whitman, felt the tyranny of observation.

Under the date of November 8, 1851, for instance, is a paragraph in which he tells of Ellery Channing's infelicitous efforts to set down notes in the field:

> In our walks [writes Thoreau] C. takes out his note-book sometimes and tries to write as I do, but all in vain. He soon puts it up again, or contents himself with scrawling some sketch of the landscape. Observing me still scribbling, he will say that he confines himself to the ideal, purely ideal remarks; he leaves the facts to me. Sometimes, too, he will say a little petulantly, "*I* am universal; I have nothing to do with the particular and the definite"—

certainly a charmingly typical bit of Transcendental dialogue. Taking as a text, "he leaves the facts to me," Thoreau then enters in his Journal a defence of his attention to facts, to the particular and the definite: he, too, would fain set down something besides facts—facts should be only the frame to his pictures. Now, whoever reads the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's Journal—if any one is so untrue to his proper "genius"—cannot fail to note, first, the

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enormous amount of fact as compared with the amount of comment (the picture insignificant in the ponderous frame), and, secondly, the constant increase in the proportion of fact to comment as the Journal proceeds. Well might Channing leave the facts to Thoreau! Open at random any of the later volumes, and you will be reasonably sure to meet a passage such as this:

> Amelanchier bare. Viburnam nudum half fallen or more; when wet and in shade, a light crimson. Hardhack, in low ground, where it has not withered too soon, inclines to a very light scarlet. Sweet-gale is not fallen, but a *very dull* yellowish and scarlet. You see in woods many black (?) oak sprouts.

Compare this with an entry in Swift's "Journal to Stella"; again opening at random, you may read:

> It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see Lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I stayed an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours.

The difference is less a difference in diarists than in subject-matter. Who will say that the premature withering of hardhack equals in interest the fate of the gown and periwig? Patrick acting like a dog is incomparably more significant than hardhack inclining to a very light scarlet. Not that hardhack is necessarily a barren theme; it might be made significant, as is the dicksonia fern when Thoreau imputes to it "the early morning fragrance of the world, antediluvian, strength and hope imparting." It would be difficult, on the other hand, to make Patrick meaningless: even a police description would doubtless contain a phrase that our emotions would seek to dwell on, perhaps a nose inclining to a very light scarlet. Man is perennially interesting to man; nature is so only when man relates himself to her, puts purpose or meaning into her. Thus Thoreau tells us elsewhere that he has an impulse to "stroke and kiss the very sward, it is so fair"; that nature is a panacea, for men "bury poisoned sheep up to the necks in earth to take the poison out of them"; that a field might be cleared of grasshoppers by sending "a bevy of fashionably dressed ladies," in hoops and crinoline, across the field and then leaving them "to clean their skirts when they got home," a particularly good method because "the motive power is cheap"; that a remarkable sunset had little charm for him because of his absorption in thought about Captain John Brown—"so great a wrong as his fate implied overshadowed all beauty in the world." Nature here has meaning, a diversity of meanings, and we read with animation. But such comment is amazingly rare in our modern nature-writing. That Thoreau strove to free himself from the tyranny of observation is attested by the following: "I must let my senses wander as my thoughts, my eyes see without looking. . . . I have the habit of attention to such excess that my thoughts get no rest, but suffer from a constant strain." One could not desire a better statement of the error of Thoreau and of many of his followers. But the remedy is not easily discovered; he continues: "Be not preoccupied with looking. Go not to the object; let it come to you. When I have found myself ever looking down and confining my gaze to the flowers, I have thought it might be well to get into the habit of observing the clouds as a corrective; but no! that study would be just as bad." Yet so ingrained was Thoreau's habit of close observation that in his next entry he does no more than record the weather and set down tentatively, as the name of a plant on Emerson's muck-heap in the Turnpike, *Amaranthus hypochondriacus!*

How many of the followers of Thoreau have the habit of attention to such excess that their thoughts get no rest! In the case of not a few of them, one might be uncharitable enough to remark that they have no thoughts, and could have none anywhere, and so might as well go to the object and proceed to tell us that they saw it. That may have an educational, if not literary, justification. But those who would think might profitably combat, and not woo, the habit of attention. The thinking man, however much he may enjoy nature, however the beauty of the external world may be woven into the texture of his thought, usually shuns nature when he desires to think. Goethe's bare little room in his Weimar garden-house serves admirably as a symbol of the kind of relation between man and nature that a wise man chooses to establish.

There are others, however, whose thoughts are rather moods, who do not find in "nature and the language of the sense" substance to be wrought into form, but a shifting spectacle, as delightful as mystifying; who, neither having nor seeking the equipment of the professional author, are satisfied when they devote their best hours to delight in the external world. Such a person was Taber, who is, after all, to be judged, not as a writer of books, but as a fine, high-dreaming soul seeking comfort in all elusive charms. There he found both peace and incitement, and also, one must think, something of the old sad suspicion that nature is tempting and taunting us even when we feel most dearly related to her. But it is venturesome to say what Taber found in nature, since his spirit, as reflected in the casual, glancing notes of his Vermont journal, is always tantalizingly evasive. Of only one thing can we be sure: that in him the noble and the frail were once more conjoined.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Mr. Arundell Esdaile, of the British Museum, has compiled, and the Bibliographical Society has issued, as one of their publications for the year 1912, a "List of English Tales and Prose Romances printed Before 1740." It might have been called a "Bibliography" instead of a "List," though collations are not given except in a few cases where necessary to distinguish editions. The work is in two parts, the first extending from Caxton to 1642, and the second bringing the record down to 1740. This latter date was chosen, because the year 1740 saw the publication of Richardson's "Pamela," which has been called by numerous critics the "first English novel." This Catalogue contains, as the compiler remarks, a "substantial list of English novels which preceded the first."

Mr. Esdaile takes pride in the fact that the first book printed in the English language, Lefevre's "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye" (Bruges: Caxton, 1475), finds place in his list, also that Caxton so well judged the taste of his reading public as to print not less than eleven books which can be called romances, or, as we should say, fiction. Besides the Troye book, these are the "History of Jason," "Godfrey of Bouillon," "Reynard the Fox," "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," Æsop, Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," "Charles the Great," "Paris and Vienne," "Blanchardine and Eglantine," "The Four Sons of Aymon," and a prose condensation of the "Æniad." He wonders why Caxton did not print an edition of Mandeville's "Ways to the Holy Land," and surmises that possibly he did and that all copies are lost. Wynken de Worde printed the first edition of Mandeville, "The Three Kings of Cologne," "Robert the Devil," "Helyas," "The Seven Wise Masters," and others. Some of these earliest romances were very popular and were frequently reissued by later printers.

The earliest book of novels was Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1566), followed by Fenton's "Tragical Discourses" (1567), Guicciardini's "Garden of Pleasure" (1573), and Pettie's "Pallace of Pleasure" (1576). One of the most popular books seems to have been Thomas Deloney's "The Gentle Craft," "shewing what famous men have been Shoomakers in time past in this Land," some twenty-four editions being recorded between 1598 and 1737. Of "The Seven Champions of Christendom," twenty-six editions and abridgments are recorded between 1596 and 1738.

The second part describes the writings of Bunyan, Defoe, and Swift, and this volume will be the one consulted for lists of editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," although the lists of editions of pieces which failed to achieve position as classics, being new work, will be of greater value to students.

The location of one copy of each edition in one of the larger libraries in England is noted, when possible the British Museum. If the British Museum is not mentioned, the reader may infer that it contains no copy of the work mentioned.

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Correspondence

AN ESKIMO ARTIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: About twenty years ago, while incidentally engaged in procuring ethnological objects for the Smithsonian Institution, I noted among miscellaneous Eskimo carvings from the Nushagak district of Alaska the presence of sundry articles wanting in the formalism which, combined with truth to nature, characterizes Eskimo carvings of animals in general. These special articles were small, three or four inches in length at most, for the single figure, and comprised birds, dogs, seals, foxes, men driving a sledge with a team of five Eskimo dogs, and dance houses or *Kashimi,* of which the roof could be lifted off, revealing in the interior a set of dancers in the middle and an audience in various postures on the benches against the walls. The figures were cut from the soft fine-grained white spruce wood of the country, and were rarely touched with color.

These figures were artistic to a surprising degree; the attitudes of the dogs in a team differ each from the others; the spirit and naturalness of the expression of each figure surpassed anything I have ever seen of native origin. Truly, here was the work of a real artist free from conventionalism.

For years I endeavored to find out the individual carver, but with no success, learning only that the carvings came from one of the purely native Eskimo villages near the Nushagak River. These articles with the decline of the trade in furs had become a part of the trader's commerce and were sold as "curios." Specimens of the work of the particular artist I have reference to are to be found in the Museum established by the late Dr. Sheldon Jackson at Sitka, in the collection given to the University of California by the Alaska Commercial Company some years ago; and in the collection of the National Museum at Washington there are some remarkably fine pieces, a few of which are tinted with native pigments.

Two years ago a friend was appointed to an official post in the Nushagak district, and before he started I explained what I wished to know and begged him to search for me. The first year no important data were obtained. This year, however, I received a letter of which an extract follows:

> Since my return here this spring I have made some more inquiries about the carver you spoke of. Acting upon your suggestion, I have interviewed several old women, and from one I learned that the man you refer to doubtless was named Constantine Ky-yuk-suk. He was a resident of Ekuk, a village twelve miles below Nushagak proper. By referring to his name I have been able to find others who have heard their parents tell stories of the old man. These stories are to the effect that he was an old man at the time he did his carving. He was looked down upon by all his people because he would sit around and whittle through the summer, instead of putting up fish. He was regarded as a little bit crazy by all.
>
> When asked why, the little old woman who gave me his name, said it was because he did not make his animals right. She said his seal and walrus looked exactly like these animals, but they were not like the pictures and carvings his forefathers made, and so they were not considered equal to what any of the other natives could make.
>
> It seems he whittled merely for his own amusement and he worked both wood and ivory. The Russian, Cassin, at Nushagak who was in the old trading post there does not remember the man as distinct from the other natives. He says all the natives used to make carvings. I endeavored to find out when the carver died, but as none of the natives in this section are able to figure years yet, I could learn nothing more definite than "a long time ago." The natives here are the least progressive ones I have seen. They still live in underground huts and eat rotten fish.
>
> Artists the world over will recognize the fate of the innovator, in the attitude of his fellows towards the carver, who would rather carve than put up fish, and broke away from the conventions of his forefathers in art. William H. Dall.

Smithsonian Institution, July 27.

CATHOLICISM AND THE ROMAN HIERARCHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent of July 24, "G. H.," says that he is a Catholic who sends his son to a public school; that many of the boy's schoolmates are Catholics; that many of his teachers have been Catholics, and furthermore that he himself believes in "our" public-school system.

It has been my good fortune to know many Catholics who held this opinion and conformed their practice to it in greater or less degree. I was once a member of the Board of Education in a large city where eleven of my fellow-members, more than one-fifth of the entire body, were Catholics. I have never thought that these men were there for any other purpose than to serve the public schools to the best of their ability. It was a pleasure to work with them to that end. Nor was there any evidence that they thought themselves in a false position. And yet they were acting in flagrant opposition to the commands of the church.

But "G. H." not only sends his boy to a public school; he also avows himself "utterly opposed to a union of church and state," and adds that he has "not been forbidden by the church to hold these views." Certainly an amazing statement.

In his Encyclical Letter, *Quanta cura,* dated December 8, 1864, with its accompanying Syllabus of Errors, containing eighty distinct, numbered sections, Pius IX expressly and specifically "reprobates, proscribes, and condemns," among others, the very opinions which "G. H." says he has not been forbidden by the church to hold. This Encyclical, with its Syllabus, is an elaborate arraignment and condemnation of about everything that distinguishes modern civilization from the most barbaric period of the Middle Ages. "G. H." ought to read it carefully, especially sections, 45, 47, and 48, which relate to public schools, and section 55, relating to the separation of church and state.

The position of the Roman Curia has not changed in any respect concerning the matters covered by this famous document. Did not Leo XIII warn American Catholics that the Government of the United States is imperfect on account of its policy of the separation of church and state? And did not the present Pontiff, Pius X, in his Encyclical, *Vehementer nos,* addressed to the French people, declare in so many words, "that church and state should be separated is a most false and in the highest degree pernicious doctrine"? Yet, notwithstanding all this, "G. H." says he believes that "a great majority of American Catholics" share his views. If this be so, there is promise in the fact.

One thing more I think it opportune to say—it is high time that Protestant speakers and writers should stop their indiscriminate condemnation of Catholics, stop confounding all Catholics with the Roman hierarchy. While I, too, am "utterly opposed" to the whole papal system from beginning to end, this does not blind me to the momentous fact that the Catholic religion and Catholic forms of worship evidently meet the spiritual needs of millions of my fellow-men. I deeply sympathize with those who are silently but surely breaking away from papal control, as well as with those who are openly and stubbornly protesting against the ghastly anachronism that rules in the Vatican. If with the passing of the present Pope the papacy itself should lapse, and the whole Curia Romana should melt into thin air, it would be an inestimable blessing for every Catholic community on earth, and rid the world of what is at once a menace and a disgrace to modern civilization.

T. V.

Montgomery, Ala., August 1.

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As I am collecting material for a supplement to the late Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of the "Letters of Horace Walpole," published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford, may I through your columns appeal to owners of letters not included in that edition kindly to supply me with copies, for publication in the supplement? I need hardly say that due acknowledgment would be made. I have had the promise already of a certain number of letters, and as it is very unlikely that another supplement can be published for many years to come, I am anxious to obtain as many as possible on the present occasion. Among those sought for are a series of eleven letters written to King between the years 1759 and 1787; a letter addressed to Mrs. Horace Churchill, dated February, 1789, and a letter dated September 25, 1793. Paget Toynbee.

Fiveways, Burnham, Bucks, England, July 19.

"THOSE MOLASSES"—FINIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When I was a very little boy, I was a favorite of an ambitious young clerk in a store in the village near which I was born (in eastern Virginia). While my father, who was a lawyer, was in the court house, this friend used to set me upon the counter, regale me with bon-bons, and give me good advice, the affectionate sincerity of which I have never forgotten. One day a negro girl came in and said, "Mr. ———, my mistis wants a pint of that same molasses." When she was gone, my friend said: "Edward, see that poor ignorant girl! She should have said, 'A point of those molasses.' I hope you will study your les-

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sons well at school and never forget the value of a good education."

EDWARD S. JOYNES.

University of South Carolina, July 27.

THE "UNITY" OF ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for July 17, in the review of Mr. Bryce's book, "University and Historical Addresses," there appear these words: "His is the argument of a scholar, an historian, a jurist discovering for the layman *the deep and radical unity of the two peoples* in their common blood and ancestry, in their heroes and their institutions, in their energy," etc. The italics are mine. Now it seems to me, your reviewer has allowed himself to be carried away by his high regard for James Bryce and his admiration for the deep insight of this gentleman into our institutions. I hold, however, that there is today no proof of "radical unity" between the virtually homogeneous, set, and conservative people of the British Isles, and the conglomerate of races, characters, and wills of our own country, where all seem groping forward towards an as yet unrevealed future.

The "community of blood," too, which is adduced by this writer, never existed except theoretically, and the "radical unity" claimed did not prevent our waging two wars with Great Britain nor spare us the dread possibility of a third, during the dark days of our Civil War when we were smarting under the ill-disguised animosity of Great Britain while fighting for the cause of liberty and enlightenment.

Yet in the face of these experiences there is going on, of late, a glorification in some quarters of things English, and there is an effusive display of friendship for this people which cannot but call forth some strong resentment on the part of other nationalities making up our population.

The conviction that the matter of our courting the friendship of the "cousins" of our Anglo-Saxon element is pushed too far was certainly the main cause of the disruption, a year or so ago, of the great peace meeting at Cooper Union, under the leadership of Dr. Koelble, and it has contributed materially towards swelling to the two-million mark the membership of the National German-American Alliance.

JULIUS GUGLER.

Milwaukee, July 26.

Literature

THE ENGLISH COLONIES.

The Old Colonial System, 1660-1754. By George Louis Beer. Part I: The Establishment of the System, 1660-1688. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

Mr. Beer, having treated the era of inchoate beginnings in a volume issued in 1908, embracing the period from 1578 to 1660, and the transitional years preceding the American Revolution in an earlier volume issued in 1907, embracing the period from 1754 to 1765, now enters on his task of dealing with the intermediate years from 1660 to 1754 in a series of six volumes. The first two carry the subject to the year 1688. After having solved with considerable success the intricate problem of origins and threaded his way with skill through the mazes of pre-Revolutionary controversy which have perplexed so many students of the period, he undertakes the simpler but no less important task of analyzing and describing the "establishment, development, and operation of the British colonial system from the days of its formal creation down to the period leading to its disintegration." His theme is the "Colonial System," which he interprets as a "complex system of regulations whose fundamental aim was to create a self-sufficient commercial empire of mutually complementary economic parts."

It is a question open to discussion whether he is justified in using the term "Colonial System" in so restricted a sense. "British Colonial Policy" is one thing and "British Colonial System" is another, and the two cannot be deemed synonymous terms. In the development and operation of the system political relations were quite as important as were those that were commercial and economic, and we cannot be wholly content with a treatment that limits itself almost entirely to the British commercial and fiscal scheme and to the administrative machinery that was called into existence for the purpose of carrying into effect the measures laid down for its enforcement. Such a treatment should be described by a more qualified title. The danger lies in the excessive stress laid on but one aspect of the colonial problem and in the undue prominence given to phases of colonial history that cannot be explained on economic grounds only. Mr. Beer has laid bare a fundamentally significant and essential part of the colonial system, but he has not allowed the reader to see how intimately bound up that system was with other parts equally significant and essential.

The plan of treatment here adopted is as follows: The first volume deals with the colonial policy of the period, the laws of trade and navigation and imperial defence, the English fiscal system and imperial finances, the central and local machinery, and the place of the slave trade in the general scheme. The second volume, carrying the reader from England to America, describes the operation of the commercial regulations in each of the colonies, beginning with Barbados and the Leeward Islands, and continuing through Jamaica, Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Newfoundland, to Massachusetts and the Dominion of New England. Very little is said of the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, probably because of their slight commercial importance in the period before 1688, and New York is treated, briefly, in the chapter devoted to New England. Valuable as these volumes are in presenting a detailed and accurate picture of the conditions under which England gave form to her colonial and commercial ideas and of the actual working out of these ideas in the colonies themselves, they are less novel in the facts presented and opinions expressed than were the volumes previously issued. Much has been written already on the period; more, indeed, than Mr. Beer's references would lead the unsuspecting reader to believe, and more aids to the execution of the work have been prepared than Mr. Beer's bibliography discloses, and though the wealth of accumulated detail gives to the volumes a special value of their own, the conclusions are in many cases hardly different from those already reached.

At the same time the fulness of presentation, the vigorous manner with which Mr. Beer has handled the many problems involved, and the understanding which he has shown of the spirit of the times with which he is concerned give to the work a place of preëminence among other similar writings on the period. In a number of important respects the treatment has no predecessor. All that is said regarding England's early efforts to furnish the colonies with military and naval protection, regarding customs duties, the 4½ per cent. and other royal revenues, and regarding the slave trade, is new, and forms a contribution of first importance to the history of the subject. Much the same can be said of the commercial and economic history of Newfoundland and the West Indies, phases of colonial life that have been largely ignored in the past. Then, too, quite apart from the relative merits of individual chapters, is the greater merit arising from the treatment of the subject as a whole, in which the general and the particular are so brought together and welded into a single scheme of commercial control that the reader can discern without difficulty the essential unity of the many parts and can determine the place of each colony in the general system. One of the most important conclusions, reached by virtue of this detached and scholarly method of dealing with the subject, concerns the place of Massachusetts just before the loss of the charter in 1684:

> The position of the colony [says Mr. Beer] was wholly untenable. The policy of its leaders was fatuous, as its logical conclusion was either the abrogation of the charter or the severance of all political ties with England; and the colony was prepared to accept neither of these alternatives. . . . Massachusetts was satisfied to remain within the Empire, but while claiming all the privileges of a colony, disavowed and disregarded most of the com-

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plementary duties and obligations. It was this anomalous situation that inevitably brought about the revocation of the charter.

In another particular Mr. Beer's point of view is noteworthy. Rejecting as "dangerous and well-nigh incurable" the "tendency to infer subjectively that, because men of the present day would have found a system insufferably restrictive, their predecessors, living several hundred years before under radically different social and intellectual conditions, must necessarily also have done so," he approaches the navigation acts in the following fair-minded spirit of interpretation:

> Such a system of rigid control over the commerce of dependent communities was the current practice of all colonizing nations. It necessarily implied the subordination of the colony's economic interests to those of the metropolis, and as a result, in theory at least, if not always fully in practice, it is repugnant to modern economic, political, and ethical ideas. But these modern ideas are largely the result of changed conditions and were totally inapplicable in the seventeenth century, when they would have seemed, and correctly so, merely the vagaries of an unpractical utopian out of touch with the forces that were making history. . . . It would have been deemed the height of folly to leave colonial trade unfettered and to allow foreign rivals to reap where England had sown and where she was still obliged to expend considerable energy in preventing the intrusion of lawless marauders and well-organized enemies. The system was by no means one-sided, and did not appear to be so to the men of the day. As compensation for the restrictions on the trade of the colonies, England protected them and gave such of their products as were needed and wanted the monopoly of the home market.

When we attempt to imagine older historians, Bancroft or even Winsor, committing themselves to such a view of the navigation acts and of England's reason for adopting them, we realize how far removed we are from the days of those who stand in the popular estimation as the great interpreters of our history. And this change of attitude has come about largely through an honest desire on the part of younger American writers to deal with American history as a subject for exact and careful scholarship in the broadest sense of the term, and not as an object lesson for the encouragement of patriotic virtues.

Mr. Beer's work is not free from errors, but such as are to be found are comparatively trifling. Spellings such as "Quarry" and "Phipps," incorrect titles such as "Secretary of the Admiralty" (Pepys), "Auditor General of the Colonies" (Blathwayt), and "London Record Office," are not serious mistakes. Less defensible is Mr. Beer's wasted expenditure of five pages in the task of refuting Fiske's contention that Bacon's uprising was "in part, at least, against the laws of trade and navigation"; and still more blameworthy is his reversion to the old classification of the colonies, as royal, proprietary, and charter, based on the nature of their internal political organization, when the superficial and inaccurate character of such classification has been demonstrated for many years.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Hound. By Frances Forbes-Robertson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The questioning of old moral standards which has become so common a note of fiction takes in this story a rather unusual form. Various crimes are committed by persons with whom we are led to sympathize. The heroine's father, a fine unworldly old scholar, defrauds a life insurance company by suicide in order that his family may continue to live in the comfort to which they have been accustomed. The rightness of suicide is not even questioned; the rightness of the fraud is questioned only to be asserted. The heroine herself is a girl with a sort of double personality; and the reader is skilfully carried into the mood to sympathize with a deed of shocking violence which she commits in her second person. But the circumstances of both these acts are unusual, and the perpetrators might be excused on the theory of the license of genius. Very well, the writer seems to say, I will represent and defend a perfectly sordid and commonplace crime: that of a seduced servant girl who kills her illegitimate child. Poor Phoebe is exonerated at some length. "Phoebe loved, and in loving shed immortal light on things human for the moment of her passing—that torture and the cross were to be hers, is the mystery that surrounds all beauty." The mystery, one is tempted to say, lies not in the facts, but in the author's attitude towards them.

But this is only one phase of the book. The chief interest is in the character of the heroine, with her wayward frankness, her charm, and her strange transformations. The illusory white hound, into which at times she seems to be metamorphosed, symbolizes one side of her nature. Only in the sheer animal delight of racing over the moors is she able to find respite from the terrible knowledge of her father's sacrifice—a knowledge which she cannot share with her mother and sisters. She is in constant rebellion against their kindly and narrow conventionalism, as it appears, for instance, in the dismissal of the seduced kitchen-maid. A rather perfunctory love affair concludes the story.

A Superman in Being. By Litchfield Woods. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The hero is a blind historian, Professor Snaggs. We are asked to accept him as a superman for three reasons: first, he constantly tells us that he is one—"the universe has produced me, and I am not so foolish as to expect it to do any better"; secondly, he has seduced his stenographer, a girl of twenty-two; thirdly, he persuades her lover to marry her in the full knowledge of this. The Professor himself attends the wedding and most appropriately gives away the bride. It is presumed that they all live happily ever afterward. Besides being a superman, the Professor is a terrible bore. He talks through chapter after chapter, with a labored pseudo-brilliance which shows considerable familiarity with Oscar Wilde. "This dominating, brilliant, perverse, subtle, humorous, paradoxical, and ebullient" hero is made to stick more fiery off by contrast with the extraordinary stupidity of his associates, Mr. Drannle, who plays a sort of Dr. Watson to his Sherlock Holmes, and Richard Densume, the stenographer's lover. The unconscious burlesque is sometimes amusing. It is evidently the work of a singularly innocent and moderately clever young man, who, having well steeped his mind in decadent literature, has resolved to write a novel. Perhaps he can best be described in his own words as "conversant with many ideas without a correspondent mastery of those facts of human life which had given them birth."

The Right of the Strongest. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The conflict between the old and the new in the Georgia mountains furnishes both theme and background for this story. We are introduced to a community of mountain whites struggling for its life against dispossession at the hands of John Marshall, a bold and enterprising young capitalist who wishes to turn the valley into a great reservoir for the development of electric power. He meets with an unexpected obstacle when he falls in love with the school teacher, Mary Elizabeth Dale, a native of the valley, who has been educated by a philanthropist in order that she may help her people. She is in love with Marshall, but will give up neither her work nor her opposition to his plan. He on his side will not relinquish the project, though to save her from slander and to give her standing among the mountaineers he allows her to reveal it before it is carried through. Apparently defeated by this, he yet remains, at the risk of his life, because he believes that she still needs protection. The story is unfolded in a series of dramatic situations to an unusually satisfactory conclusion. The characters, not excepting the hero and heroine, are strongly presented. Mary Elizabeth is a very real and lovable girl; Marshall is an excellent specimen of the best type of promoter, resolute, farseeing, chivalrous,

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but blinded by the modern superstition of progress. Of the mountaineers, "Trav" Williams and the admirably named Shan Thaggin represent the worse element, and "Uncle Beck" Logan, the philosopher-storekeeper, is the fine flower. Many of Uncle Beck's sayings deserve quotation, but we have space for only two. He has been telling the loafers at the store about the sale of some groceries to Marshall's conceited servant. "After I had done got all his money, I up and says, says I, 'Sonny, you have got a 'complishment what I ain't never met up with before—you air the fust mortal man I ever see what could strut settin' down.'" On another occasion, ridin' by meetin' with Darius Slaton, he remarked: "Ri, ol' Sister Thaggin's done treed the Lord agin; don't you hear her yelpin'?" Altogether this is a strong and well-balanced novel, free from the taint of hysteria which so often weakens stories of its type.

The Air Pilot. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The reader who looks forward to a story of adventure in cloudland will be disappointed, for the "air-piloting" is confined to a single short flight. Except for this, the famous Dessaud monoplane might as well have been a machine gun. The story is really one of improbable international complications, similar but inferior to some of the yarns of E. Phillips Oppenheim. Lieut. Dessaud has brought to America for exhibition his new monoplane, which has a virtually soundless motor. Col. Brandt, of the German secret service, plots to kidnap the aviator and learn the secret. He bribes a German editor to help him, and the editor uses as a decoy a reporter, who is, of course, a pretty American girl. Is it necessary to add that Helen tries to help Dessaud, but gets him deeper into trouble; that she is threatened with dishonor and he with torture, and that the monoplane saves them and smooths the path of true love? The only remarkable thing in the story is the power of abstraction which enables the lovers to hold long and intimate conversations at times when to all appearances only the promptest action can save them from disaster.

ASSYRIAN NAMES.

Personal Names from Cuneiform Inscriptions of the Cassite Period. By Albert T. Clay. Yale Oriental Series. Vol. I. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

The study of proper names occurring in the Cuneiform literature of Babylonia and Assyria is one of the most important branches of Assyriology, throwing light on the prevailing religious ideas and on historical conditions as well. We have tolerably complete lists of such names for the older period of Babylonian history and for the latest—the so-called neo-Babylonian period—but for some of the middle periods, notably for the six centuries (c. 1750-1173 B. C.) during which Cassite rulers occupied the throne of Babylonia, such lists were lacking. Professor Clay has now filled the most important of these gaps by his compilation of more than 10,000 names occurring chiefly in business and legal documents of the Cassite period. Professor Clay was preeminently the person to furnish scholars with such a list, by virtue of his publication of no less than three large volumes of texts from the days of the Cassite rulers. These volumes form the basis for the work before us, as they comprise our chief source of study of the social, religious, and political conditions during the six centuries in question. In addition to published texts, Professor Clay has also availed himself of unpublished material in the collections of the University of Pennsylvania, and of the General Theological Seminary of New York, and has utilized also the hundreds of names occurring in the famous Amarna letters. Lastly, distinctly historical texts and names occurring in seal cylinders have been drawn upon to make the compilation represent a complete survey of the material at present at our disposal. But Dr. Clay has done far more than merely to compile a list. He has made a thorough study of these names, dividing them up into the elements of which they are composed.

The study of these elements is particularly instructive. A name in Babylonia, as throughout early antiquity, was much more than a convenient appellation. It belonged to an individual as a part of his equipment, and in many cases was regarded as too sacred to be used on all occasions, so that in addition to his real name an individual generally had some less solemn sobriquet by which he was known, often chosen to emphasize some physical peculiarity or distinction, and invariably briefer than the real name used on official occasions, and which, in most cases, formed a complete sentence with subject, object, and verb, though the third element in very many cases was omitted. An invariable element in the case of a person's full designation was the name of some deity, by the introduction of which the name became a prayer, or an expression of some hope, or praise of some deity. Thus, a name which has as one of its elements the moon-god, Sin, invokes Sin, directly or indirectly. "O Sin, protect the son," "Sin is gracious," "Sin grants life," "Sin has given a brother," "Sin is the Lord," "Sin has hearkened to me," and so on. We are reminded, of course, of Biblical names where we find similar combinations with the names of the Hebrew deities, El Jah, and Jeho, while the explanations so often attached to the names point to a further agreement in the ideas associated with the divine element among Hebrews and Babylonians. Thus, when Rachel is represented as explaining the name of her son, Joseph, as "Jahweh has given me another son," it is precisely parallel to a Babylonian or Assyrian name like Sin-akh-erba, "Sin has added a brother," or to Ashur-akh-iddin, "Ashur has given a brother." The explanation, in fact, points to the full name of Joseph having been something like Jeho-ben-asaph, of which Joseph is an abbreviation—a sort of pet-name or *hypokoristikon*, to use the forbidding technical term.

In the case of Babylonian-Assyrian names, while some of the deities occur in all periods, others are particularly prominent at certain epochs. Thus, in the neo-Babylonian period, names compounded with Nebo and Marduk far outnumbered the rest, which is in accord with the almost exclusive devotion given to these two deities in Babylonia during the sixth century, though, to be sure, other gods were still worshipped in the old temples erected in their honor. During the Cassite period, as we now learn from Professor Clay's important contribution, we find Enlil (or El-lil), the chief god of Nippur and the head of the older Babylonian pantheon, entering more frequently as an element in proper names than any other, and next to Ellil is a deity whose name has occasioned considerable discussion, though the weight of evidence is now in favor of the form Enmashtu, proposed by Professor Clay.

In the survey of the names compounded with Enlil it is interesting to group together some of the attributes and hopes associated with this chief deity. Enlil is represented as "creating," "taking care of," "protecting," "judging," "giving," "granting life," "establishing," "completing," "hearing." A name, Enlil-nûr-gabba, celebrates him as "Enlil, the universal light"—a close approach to "The Light of the World"; another as "Enlil is my help," "Enlil is our mountain" (shadû-ni), which recalls the famous El-Shaddai, one of the early designations given to the Hebrew deity in the Bible, and which may be rendered as "el is the mountain," i. e., the mighty one. The divine name does not necessarily stand as the first element; frequently it occupies the second place. So we find a series of names beginning with *iz-kur*, "he has proclaimed," followed by the name of a god, Izkur-Addu, "Addu proclaims," "Izkur-Ea," "Ea proclaims," and another series beginning with the *iddin*, "he has given." In fact, no less than twenty-

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five deities are associated with this element, which thus incidentally furnishes us with a survey of the chief gods of the pantheon of the Cassite period.

Instead of gods, the names of temples dedicated to them are substituted. Thus, the name of Enlil's temple in Nippur, E-kur, signifying "mountain-house," appears as an element in E-kur-nadin-shum, "E-kur has given an offspring" where E-kur clearly stands as the equivalent to Enlil; or the names of stars take the place of the deities with which they were identified, as, e. g., in Dilbat-bani, "Dilbat creates," Dilbat, the planet Venus, identified with Ishtar, here standing for that goddess. We also come across such names as Kakkab-Ea, "star of Ea," from which or from a simila combination, a name like Kakkabâ, "star-like," is an abbreviation with an endearing element attached, such as a lover might apply to his sweetheart. Professor Clay has added largely to the usefulness of his work by adding a complete list of elements occurring in the names with careful references.

Through this list, the rather curious fact is revealed that during the Cassite period names containing the element *ilu*, "god"—the equivalent of the Hebrew *El*—without further qualification, are very common. Indeed, the number of such names with *ilu* as the first or second or third element outnumber all other formations. This points to a development of religious thought not unlike that which may be traced among the Hebrews. No doubt, *ilu* always refers in the Babylonian names to some specific deity, but so does the Hebrew *El* always indicate Jahweh as a specific deity. The important point is, that among Babylonians and Hebrews the chief deity becomes the "god" *par excellence*—"god" without further qualification, which represents a step eventually leading to a monotheistic conception of divine government.

Lastly, a feature that is particularly prominent in names of the Cassite period is the large number of foreign names and of names containing foreign deities as one of the elements. Naturally, a large proportion of such foreign deities are Cassitic; and, as a matter of fact, the chief personages of the Cassite pantheon pass in review before us in this nomenclature. Through these names, many words of the Cassite language, as yet little known to us, are revealed. Still more interesting are the large number of foreign names that lead us to the Hittite regions in northern Syria and in central Asia Minor. Dr. Clay groups these names under the designation of Hittite-Mitannian. For the present, it is not possible to differentiate sharply between such as are Hittite and those that belong to a region in northeastern Syria, known as Mitanni. It is not unlikely that the Mitannians belonged to one of the Hittite groups. In this connection our author raises the question whether the Khabiri, who play an important rôle in the Amarna letters dealing with affairs in southern Palestine during the fifteenth century, and who have been identified with the Hebrews, do not belong to the Hittite-Mitannian groups. In favor of this view is the fact that we find among the Hittite-Mitanni names a number which contain the element Khabiri, and it is also of significance that on a tablet of Boghaz-köi—the site of the capital of the Hittite Empire—in northern Asia Minor the "gods of Khabiri" are mentioned. If Dr. Clay's contention is correct, most important conclusions would follow, especially if it also turns out that these Khabiri are indeed the same as the Ibri or Hebrews to which Abraham belongs. Abraham finds Hittites in southern Palestine, for such the sons of Heth undoubtedly are, from whom Abraham buys the cave of Machpelah. This region appears, therefore, at a very early period to have contained Hittite groups, and the question arises whether the Hebrews may not have been at least affiliated with some of these Hittites, as the prophet Ezekiel, in fact, suggests. However, we know so little as to who the Hittites were, what language they spoke, and whence they came, that for some time to come all speculations on the subject must be more or less tentative. Meanwhile, Yale University is to be congratulated on inaugurating its series of Oriental publications with a volume that sets so high a standard for the ones to follow.

The New China: A Traveller's Impressions. By Henri Borel. Translated from the Dutch by C. Thieme. With 48 illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

M. Borel is an official Chinese interpreter in the Dutch East Indies who has made the standard translation of the Confucian Classics into his native tongue. He made his first journey to the capital of China in 1909, surcharged with reverence for its ancient ideals and eager to derive the essence of a national soul beneath the scrap-heap that is left of its former wisdom and beauty. "The chief object of my book," he declares, "is to avail myself of the poet's right to give a chain of personal and subjective impressions and to describe how I felt the tragic death of ancient beauty, overpowered by all that is ugly and vulgar in modern things." Here is a scholar who, after years of residence among Chinese, confesses that he never discovered the soul of the people until he visited the mistreated temples of that shabby old city upon which has been poured the scorn of thousands of unseeing trippers from the West.

As an interpreter of modern China he cannot be acquitted of some exaggeration. All that is vulgar and impious in the present aspect of her society must not be ascribed to foreign influence. There was a wider gap than he is willing to acknowledge between the spiritual conceptions which once controlled that society and the selfish materialism which obtained when the foreigners first arrived. A pride of learning remains, but it is overlaid with formalism and must be accounted unproductive since no priest or statesman in a century has arisen to direct any effective reform or guide his countrymen to new aspects of truth or religion. That Young China at present derives all its inspiration from abroad is in itself a proof that the "ancient eternal essence" of her intellectual life is so jejune as to be sterile. Yet the movement towards the formation of a conscious nation is already well begun, and a resurgent China may in the future find her way back to some, at least, of that antique loveliness which the author laments as dying a tragic death in the dawn of her new day.

Though calling his book a discussion of modern China, M. Borel is not compellingly lured from the monuments of the past to considerations of political and economic conditions. The "call of the East" is strong upon him, and it is a mediæval, not a modern, East that calls. As an artistic appreciation of the temples of Peking his volume should be welcomed by intelligent tourists, whose elementary education in the meaning of Chinese art is seldom even begun. Taken in connection with a few descriptions of the city, such as those of Dr. Edkins and Mrs. Little, it ought to serve as a useful guide—though this is perhaps the last desire of the æsthetic author whose scorn is often voided upon the globe-trotter. However, there is work to be done with this class in Peking as in Paris or Rome, and some few of them can always be educated out of their smug preconceptions. They may cavil at the author's recurring insistence upon the "mystical and esoteric" meanings discovered in old monuments, but these are to be found even in the dilapidated buildings of Peking, if sought for in the right spirit. Here is his plea for a more appreciative attitude in the visitor to the Lama Temple, notorious for its train of truculent priests, the disorderly scum of their order:

> That besides these wretched mendicant friars there are others who pass their life in prayer and meditation; that there is in this temple a library of incalculable philosophical value, full of rare works on esoteric and exoteric Buddhism—all this they do not consider. Nor do they dream it possible that the so-called *huo fo*, the "Living Buddha," who dwells there invisible to the outer world, might be a spiritually advanced being, highly developed by some mystical initiation. Nor do they know that Eastern music possesses more delicate

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shades and finer gradations of sound and vibration than the whole and half-notes of our Western scales. The consequence is that the unpracticed or shallow Westerner, unable to discern these more subtle differences of tone and more finely divided vibrations, declares Eastern music to be discordant and unbearable. Nor does such a one understand that Eastern orchestras, as, for example, the Javanese *gamelang*, use different pitches and rhythms for the morning, daytime, evening, or night, because the vibrations of the ether also differ. After all, is this not the case with all beauty, be it that of line, color, or sound?

One gets from these pages an altogether new conception of a China redolent with subtle emanations and odors beneath the rather grimy exterior of work-a-day life seen by most casual visitors.

Notes

The Harvard University Press has in hand "The Granger Movement, a Study of Agricultural Organization and its Political, Economic, and Social Manifestations, 1870-1880," by Solon J. Buck.

The Encyclopedia Press, Incorporated, is the name which the publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia have adopted in place of Robert Appleton Co.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the following list of autumn fiction: "Laddie, a True Blue Story," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "Gold," by Stewart Edward White; "In Search of a Husband," by Corra Harris; "The Friendly Road," by David Grayson; "A Son of the Hills," by Harriet T. Comstock; "The Lovely Lady," by Mary Austin; "Refractory Husband," by Mary Stewart Cutting; "The Mixing; What the Hillport Neighbors Did," by Bouck White; "The Spotted Panther," by James Francis Dwyer; "The Golden Barrier," by Agnes and Egerton Castle; "Jack Chanty," by Hulbert Footner; "The Confessions of Arsène Lupin"; "The Man Between," by Walter Archer Frost, and "Under the Christmas Stars," by Grace S. Richmond, specially illustrated.

Autumn announcements of the Methodist Book Concern include: "It is Not Lawful," a romance by Arthur H. De Long; "Blossom Babies," by M. Louise Chadwick; "Marching Manward, a Story of a Boy," by Frank Orman Beck, and "Christ and the Dramas of Doubt," by Ralph T. Flewelling.

In "The South African Scene," announced by Smith & Elder, Miss Violet Markham sketches the development which has taken place in South Africa since the war.

A Florence-type edition of Stevenson's poems is in preparation by Chatto & Windus.

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," will be brought out shortly in this country by Lippincott.

The autumn list of Houghton Mifflin Company includes, under biography and letters: "The Memoirs of Li Hung-Chang," edited by W. F. Mannix, with an introduction by John W. Foster; "The Life of John Bright," by G. M. Trevelyan; "The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton: A Biographical Comment," by Miss Sara Norton and M. A. De Wolfe Howe, two volumes; "Harrison Gray Otis: His Life and Correspondence, 1765-1848," by Samuel Eliot Morison, two volumes; "The Life of Lyman Trumbull," by Horace White; "William Ernest Henley," by L. Cope Cornford; "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody," edited by Daniel G. Mason; "Hawthorne and His Publisher," by Caroline Ticknor.—History: "The Writings of James Breck Perkins: France Under Mazarin; France Under Louis XV; France Under the Regency; France in the American Revolution," six volumes; "The Americans in the Philippines," by James A. Le Roy, with an introduction by William H. Taft, two volumes; "Bull Run: Its Strategy and Tactics," by R. M. Johnston; "The Nation and the Empire," by Lord Milner, and "Greek Imperialism," by William Scott Ferguson.—Educational: "Newspaper Writing and Editing," by Willard G. Bleyer; "Chief Middle English Poets," by Jessie L. Weston; "Modern Prose and Poetry for Secondary Schools," by Margaret Ashmun; "Representative Cities of the United States: A Geographical and Industrial Reader for Grammar Schools," by Caroline W. Hotchkiss; "Problems of Educational Readjustment," by David Snedden; "Rural Life and Education," by E. P. Cubberley; "Evolution of the Educational Ideal," by Mabel I. Emerson; "Studies in Foreign Education," by Cloudesley Brereton; "The Teaching of Spelling," by Henry Suzzallo, with an introduction by Frank M. McMurry; "Interest and Effort in Education," by John Dewey, and "Teachers' Annuities and Pensions: A Study of Teachers' Retirement Allowance Systems," by C. A. Prosser.—Religious: "Revelation and the Ideal," by George A. Gordon; "Three Lords of Destiny," by Samuel M. Crothers; "Charles Gordon Ames: A Spiritual Autobiography," edited by Alice Ames Winter, and "The Religious Revolution," by James T. Shotwell.—Poetry: "The Poems of Joseph Beaumont," edited with notes by Eloise Robinson; "The Little Book of Modern Verse: Selections from the Work of Contemporaneous American Poets," by Jessie B. Rittenhouse; "The Ride Home," by Florence Wilkinson Evans, and "Story-Telling Poems," edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott.—Miscellaneous: "Mont St. Michel and Chartres," by Henry Adams, with an introduction by Ralph Adams Cram; "Dandies and Men of Letters," by Leon H. Vincent; "In the Old Paths," by Arthur Grant; "Emerson's Journals," Vols. IX and X, edited by Stewart W. Emerson and Waldo E. Forbes; "The Summit of the Years," essays by John Burroughs; "The Greatest Books in the World: Interpretative Studies," by Laura Spencer Portor; "More Letters of an Idle Man"; "The Publisher," by Robert Sterling Yard; "The Age of Power," by Jonathan Lincoln; "The United States Federal Internal Tax History, from 1861 to 1871," by Harry Edwin Smith; "Mediæval Industries," by L. F. Salzmann; "Auction Developments," by Milton C. Work; "In Freedom's Birthplace," conditions of the Boston negro of to-day, by John Daniel, and "Summer," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

The first edition of G. Harvey Johnston's "Scottish Heraldry" was published in 1904, and the reissue of the book now, with revisions and considerable additions, by Scribners, shows that the spirit of the clans is still alive. Any one of Scottish ancestry will find his own account in the book, but we may recommend it also as a very clear exposition of heraldry in general—a difficult subject. There are many illustrations in proper colors.

To the picaresque section of Dutton's Library of Early Novelists has been added Smollett's lively version of "Gil Blas." The introduction, by W. M. Fullerton, undertakes to explain how Lesage used, and transcended, the picaresque form to give a survey of the whole of life. Smollett's English has not the fineness and swiftness of the French, but the Bishop of Granada and Dr. Sangrado play their immortal parts here as in the original, and the interest and wisdom of the story are immortal in any tongue.

The University of Manchester (Longmans) issues, as the fourth number of its English Series, "The Early Life of George Eliot," by Mary H. Deakin, M.A. Prof. C. H. Herford in an Introductory Note calls attention to it as an essay in the direction of M. Emile Legouis's study of Wordsworth's youth. He, says Professor Herford, may be said to have established "the adolescence of genius" as a distinct study. Relatively little stress has been laid hitherto upon the girlhood and early womanhood of George Eliot. The work for which she is remembered was done in middle age, and her biographers have been too intent upon it and its maker as native products to do more than hint at the early conditions and experiences from which both sprang. "Many readers of George Eliot's works," says Miss Deakin, "look on her as a woman of strong, massive, independent nature, and are entirely unfamiliar with the loneliness and pain of the long years in which she lay "inert and suffering, craving for support and encouragement, and fearing that no meaning and no good would ever grow out of her life." In girlhood her strength of mind and feeling wreaked itself on questions of religious belief. From the quiet conformity of her family she swung first to a violent Evangelicalism, and later to free-thinking. In the earlier phase she went to extremes of asceticism, denied herself the simplest pleasures, and painfully followed rules of living which were naturally distasteful to her and which she later saw to be false. Her release from the bondage of Calvinism brought intellectual peace, but no escape from conscience. She now regarded happiness as a duty, and "practiced it steadily, though often her sensitive nature broke bounds and asserted its right to be miserable." On the whole she was successful in her efforts to be happy; her nature was not buoyant, but it was sound. Much of her melancholy belonged to insatiate youth, and was to be outgrown. But though the solemnity disappeared for the most part, the seriousness remained. That distinction is not always apparent in the work which occupied Marian Evans as essayist and reviewer to the verge of middle age. The present study emphasizes the fact that the mellowing of her character and her art was due not merely to the ripening influence of time, but to the development of a single human relation. The nature of Lewes was in many ways complementary to her own. He was brilliant, exuberant. Thackeray once de-

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clared that "it would not surprise him to meet Lewes riding on a white elephant in Piccadilly." His high spirits as well as his deep sympathy served to nourish the genius of the woman to whom he could give his life if not his name. But for him, Miss Deakin believes, the novels would never have been written; certainly they would not have been what they are. In her attitude towards this famous union the author is particularly happy; she is successful throughout in subordinating the rôle of critic to that of biographer.

In "Trails and Tramps in Alaska and Newfoundland" (Putnam), William S. Thomas has made a really delightful addition to outdoor literature. The camera rather than the gun has been the chief weapon of his hunting trips, and in catching birds and animals in natural situations he has been highly successful. He does not confine himself to the geographical bounds of his title, one of the longest and pleasantest chapters dealing with the bird life of his home State, Pennsylvania. In the closing chapter he pleads sensibly for a policy of conservation which shall extend a uniform protection by the several States to *all* bird life, whether technically game birds, song birds, or not, except as long-continued and competent investigation shall prove conclusively that the restriction of numbers of any given species is of substantive value from an economic standpoint. In other words, let our Legislatures cease compelling the bird-lover to prove the right of any given bird to live and positively assume that right until incontestable evidence is presented to the contrary.

"The Critic in the Orient" (Paul Elder), by George Hamlin Fitch, a companion volume to "The Critic in the Occident," is a series of desultory sketches of a dozen cities from Tokio to Cairo. Each represents selections from a mass of newspaper letters by a literary reviewer who found that "even in the debilitating heat of the tropics it was always a pastime, never a task, to put into words my ideas of the historic places I knew so well from years of reading, and which I had just seen." The book is not verbose, however, for the author has rigidly excised all the minutiæ of travel in favor of "the beauty of scenery, the grandeur of architecture, the appealing traits of various peoples." Indeed, the most apt criticism of it is that as a volume of travels its highly colored, interesting scenes want connection, while, as a criticism of foreign lands, it attempts no penetrative interpretation of what is new. But its clear, facile style, its appended hints for travellers, its bibliography, and, above all, its seventy excellent plates and photographs should make it of interest to the general reader, and of value to the tourist.

Five years ago Macmillan published a translation of Paul Dahlke's collection of essays ("Buddhist Essays"), in which, among other things, the author maintained that Buddhism is the only religion in the world "free from the poison of hypotheses." The same firm has now published a companion volume entitled "Buddhism and Science," wherein the author goes a step farther and shows that neither faith nor science can solve the riddle of the universe, but that Buddhism does so very satisfactorily. Every individual has an energy of his own. A force that is "universal" would exist of itself and be "a creation of faith"; an in-force (energy, Karma) is existent only in dependence on its material, corporeality, sensation, perception, discrimination, consciousness. Every being is adequate cause to itself; as a flame maintains itself by its own heat, so every I-process maintains itself by its volitional movements. At death the pulse of energy of this process makes itself known in a new location, passes into a new abode, kindles a new I-process. I am my Karma; without beginning. No entity passes over. The I-process has its in-force from a previous existence. Faith believes; science recognizes only the material world; Buddhism conceives of the I from the standpoint of itself, i. e., intuitively.

The weakness of science is shown in its treatment of physics, physiology, biology, etc. Scientific men demand proof in space and time before they will believe in this "passing over." They call it "telekinesis," they say it is a fact only for faith. They must learn that individual beginninglessness, which is the key-word of Buddhism, is intuitively recognizable. As one falls in love and something passes over from lover to beloved in the very glance of love, and this is intuitively recognized, so Karma-processes are to be recognized. I am a process burning in virtue of a genuine energy that never can be demonstrated, but which demonstrates itself in consciousness. The summation of individual experience is the world. I am a world-maker; there are no worlds in themselves. To put the matter clearly: "The self-integration and self-disintegration of worlds is nothing but the functional concomitant phenomenon of the beginninglessness of the I."

In reviewing Dahlke's previous work, the *Nation* asserted that his argument rested upon pure hypothesis. Buddhism is as much a religion of faith as is Christianity. It is bolstered up by logic and keen analysis, but it stands and falls with the Karma doctrine, and belief in Karma is a pure act of faith. That "consciousness is Karma" and that "thinking is Karma" is the teaching of Buddhism, but all the pretentious modern *Apologiæ pro Buddha* have failed to remove that stumbling-block. One might just as well believe in a soul passing over as to believe that consciousness and memory pass over, fasten on new material, and keep on living thus as the various I's in various bodies. Nor will any scientific man be led to believe that the Milky Way and star-clusters are Karmaic energies in passing phases. All this would not be worth three paragraphs of the *Nation* were it not that these pseudo-scientific expositions of Buddhism are really looked upon by a large number of people in the light of revelations. As a matter of fact, the authors of such works, and Dahlke is *princeps inter pares*, are neither scientific nor even fair commentators on the texts they extol.

"The Old-Fashioned Woman" (Putnams), by Elsie Clews Parsons, is a very readable book which differs from most books of its kind in the fact that it is based upon some real knowledge of anthropology; for under this gently ironical and slightly misleading title Mrs. Parsons undertakes to show that all the conventional ideas of what is appropriate to sex have their origin in the fancies of primitive men. But why not? Only a little anthropology is needed to show that, not only in sex, but in all other matters, the child of nature is bound by a rigidity and complexity of convention to which culture presents no parallel. And if the object be to show that the mind of woman does not in reality differ from that of man, the tired reader may be tempted to suggest that an important step towards this conviction would be the disappearance of feministic literature.

"Calendar of Letter Books of the City of London. Letter Book L. Temp. Edward IV-Henry VII" (London: Guildhall), edited by Reginald R. Sharpe, is the last to be issued in the present series. According to the original plan, the Letter Books were to be calendared only to the end of the fifteenth century, when the journals of the Common Council and the repertories of the Aldermen begin. That period has now been reached, and though the Letter Books themselves actually extend to the year 1688, no more will be calendared under the present arrangement. At the end of his preface, Dr. Sharpe announces the termination of the series and begs the general reader "to select some one or two of the more full and lively of these Calendars for attentive perusal, since he may gather from them in a week's diligent reading a more vivid idea of the England of his forefathers than he will get from the most brilliant pages of the professed historian." No advice could be more reasonable, and in accepting it the reader will not only acquire a remarkably clear notion of life in London during the Middle Ages, but will be impressed with the value of the material that Dr. Sharpe has rendered accessible. These eleven volumes are a witness, besides, to the learning, energy, and good judgment of the editor, whose labors in this field have found all too little recognition at the hands of historians.

The present volume, covering the period from 1460 to 1497, contains very little that is of importance for the general history of the kingdom. It is, however, rich in all that relates to the administrative and economic life of the City. It is indispensable to students of the history of the craft guilds, supplementing and completing the works of Herbert ("Twelve Livery Companies of London"), Unwin ("The Gilds and Companies of London"), Kingsford ("Chronicles of London"), and the authors of the histories of the various companies. We learn much about the City and the Hanse merchants; about the relation of the companies to the municipal organization, elections, and finance; and more than all else about the activities of the companies through the large number of ordinances, administrative, religious and charitable, and technical, that were submitted to the Mayor and Aldermen for approval and enrolment. Among other matters here mentioned that concerned the guilds are the relations with "foreigners," the wearing of liveries, the rise of the yeomanry organizations, the admission of women, and the question of precedence. In the matter of precedence, it is interesting to note that the "Billesdone award" of 1484, settling the quarrel between the Tailors and the Skinners, is still in force. Two or three additional points may be noted. The Hanse merchants, though in occupation of the

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Steelyard as early as 1320, did not become the actual proprietors until 1475; the title "Lord Mayor," though known in the fifteenth century, was not generally used until 1534 or 1535; and buildings in London were still roofed with straw as late as the beginning of the fourteenth century.

"The Fringe of the East: A Journey Through Past and Present Provinces of Turkey" (Macmillan), by Harry Charles Lukach, is neither a guide book nor exactly a book of travels. It is the narrative of an inconsequential ramble, illustrated by photographs, with a considerable amount of chit-chat, sometimes historical, sometimes jocose. The author is conversant with the near East and has compiled at least one guide book. In the present ramble he starts from Athens, going to Mount Athos, then to Rhodes, Cyprus, Jerusalem, Samaria, Damascus, Aleppo, then eastward to the Euphrates, back again through Antioch to Latakia, and so down the coast to Beirut. He seems to have had no particular reason for the journey. Most of the places which he visits have been frequently visited and described. There is absolutely nothing new, with the exception of a couple of castles in the Nosairiyeh country. There are no adventures, except the ordinary infelicities which the Oriental traveller experiences at times, and there are no discoveries. The first chapter consists of stories, chiefly familiar, from Nasr ed-Din Khoja. Other chapters are enlivened by stories Occidental and Oriental, credible and incredible, and illustrated by photographs, principally taken by the author, some good and others not. It is a pleasant book with which to while away an irresponsible hour, when one does not wish to be seriously instructed or intensely interested—the sort of book which we would especially commend to the libraries of ocean steamers.

The Rev. Hiram Collins Haydn, D.D., who died at his home in Cleveland on Thursday of last week, aged eighty-one, had been pastor for many years, and since 1903 pastor emeritus, of the First Presbyterian Church of that city. He graduated from Amherst in 1856, and from the Union Theological Seminary three years later. From 1887 to 1890 he was president of Western Reserve University. Among his writings are the following: "Lay Effort: Death and Beyond," "Amusements," "American Heroes on Mission Fields," and "Western Reserve University."

John Haughton Coney, professor of history in Princeton University, died on July 25 in New York city. Professor Coney graduated from Princeton in the class of 1885. After engaging for a time in secondary school work, he became associated about 1895 in the department of history with Prof. W. M. Sloane. When Professor Sloane accepted a chair in Columbia, virtually the entire task of historical instruction in Princeton devolved for a time upon Professor Coney. He came well prepared for the work by a number of years of previous study in Berlin University, where he had given his time largely to the study of Prussian and modern European history. After the enlargement of the historical teaching staff in Princeton, Professor Coney devoted his lectures to modern European history. In this subject his courses were universally recognized as a sterling piece of solid value in the historical curriculum. He did an enormous amount of college work, without noise and without adequate recognition. His colleagues, even better than his numerous students, knew and appreciated his remarkable erudition. Perhaps no more complete master of the detail of Prussian history in all its minor ramifications ever taught in an American college, and his death will leave a distinct void among historical scholars and in the teaching force of his university. *Egregii mortalis altique silenti.*

Louis-Paulin Passy, historian and archæologist, known as the "father" of the Chamber of Deputies, died at Gisors, France, last Thursday, in his eighty-third year. He was a cousin of the late Frédéric Passy, the peace advocate. He was a monarchist, and had been a member of the Chamber since the foundation of the Third Republic. A prolific writer, he ranged easily over several fields of knowledge.

Science

The Genus Iris. By W. R. Dykes. Cambridge University Press. (University of Chicago Press, American agents.) Folio, with 48 colored plates and 30 line drawings. $37.50.

The horticultural attractiveness and botanical interest of Irises have at last led to a publication befitting their worth. The rather dry and uninteresting, though scholarly, monograph of J. G. Baker of Kew, in 1892, has been the only reliable work on these plants available, either to the gardener, for whom it was too erudite, or to the botanists, who have always deplored its lack of keys. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Dykes that he should have prepared a volume that, while successfully addressed alike to the horticulturist and to the botanist, is no mere gathering of Iris literature, but a thoroughly comprehensive monograph on the genus. Containing admirable technical descriptions of all the species known to the author, in English, and giving, also, for each species as much of horticultural information as the gardener would ordinarily demand, the book is unique among monographic works of its kind.

As in previous works, Mr. Dykes divides the genus into ten sections segregated by differences of root-habit or by more technical flower-characters; and this is the only method by which one can possibly thread one's way through a group of such size and complexity. There is a key separating these sections one from the other, and keys for each section separating the different species in it. That these keys will be more readily available to the botanist than the gardener goes without saying, but considering the difficulty of the task, the result is admirable. An explanatory chapter, with illustrations on the structure of the Iris flower, will help the uninitiated in the use of these keys. For each species the author has given all the synonyms known to botanists, and a complete account of the distribution, citing all the better known collections of the plant by collector's name and field number, so that from the technical side the work is very complete. Wherever the species presents horticultural difficulties and is of sufficient merit to warrant cultivation, special notes have been added under the botanical description, together with interesting historical notes on its introduction into general cultivation. Both from the botanical and horticultural standpoint the work is quite up to date, including several species from China, new to cultivation through the recent collections of Mr. E. H. Wilson from that country.

In view of the fact that there are many hundreds of magnificent named forms and hybrids of Iris, it is unfortunate that the author has virtually dismissed this phase of the subject in two pages. But it is also probably true that the botanical affinities and parentage of many of these forms are doubtful; nor would the scope of the present work allow of further elucidation. The forty-eight colored plates are beautiful in themselves and satisfactory botanically; they are fitting illustrations for a sumptuous and really comprehensive volume.

The following are science books in Houghton Mifflin's autumn list: "Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz, with a Sketch of His Work and Life," by George R. Agassiz; "The Health Master," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "The Resistance of the Air and Aviation," by G. Eiffel, translated by Jerome C. Hunsaker; "The Housekeeper's Handy-Book," by Lucia Millet Baxter; "Calm Yourself," by George L. Walton; and "The Hygiene of the School Child," by Lewis M. Terman.

Mr. George Shiras, 3d, gives in the *National Geographic Magazine* for July a vivid account of his twenty-six years' work as a pioneer in photographing wild animals, especially at night. Many of the sixty-seven illustrations represent the home life of the animals, some of which wander every night within a stone's throw of rural homes. An interesting discovery made a few years ago was the existence of moose in large numbers in the Yellowstone National Park. There are several very remarkable flashlight photographs of deer. A brief description, with seventeen illustrations, of some unfrequented parts of Burma is given by Mr. Charles H. Bartlett.

The distinctive characteristics of geography are the subject of the leading article, by M. P. Vidal de la Blache, in the *Annales de Géographie* for July. By emphasizing these he aims to show that the conception of geography no longer oscillates between that of geology and of history; that geography has a domain of its own among the sciences. Other articles concern a remarkable earthquake in France in 1682, the description of it being based largely on contemporary records; an atlas and gazetteer of Finland in four volumes which has

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already reached a second edition; and the Sierra de la Lumbrera in Argentina. Considerable space is devoted to showing the methods employed for the development of the French colonies. Among these is the railway connecting Tongking with western China, which it is believed will make the port of Haiphong a rival of Hongkong. Much work is also going on at Dakar on the West African coast in the construction of docks, for when the projected Trans-Saharan railway is constructed it will be the shortest route between Europe and South America.

Among imported English garden books "Gardens for Small Country Houses" (Country Life Library), by Gertrude Jekyll and Lawrence Weaver, is of much interest. It treats not of plants and seasons, in considering which our practice must always be different from the English, but of garden design, a study which we greatly neglect. It is another book of luxury, for the cost of the average garden here displayed would stagger the average American suburban dweller. Yet it preaches principles which we may well take to heart, of privacy, completeness, and of making nature do her best for us. It is true that the copious illustrations of the book make us, in the midst of a hot and dry summer, envy the Englishman his climate; but apart from this we may very well admire the intensity with which the English designers apply themselves to make the best of their limited plots. The transplanting of selected bits of natural scenery, the beautifying of these by architectural adornment, and the endeavor to create an atmosphere of rest and permanence, are the central intentions. Home-makers can learn much from the study of both text and pictures, especially those which deal with the treatment of slopes and walls, rocks and water, pavings and gates.

The schoolboy of to-day possesses a very different textbook on geography from the one which his father or grandfather carried to and fro. Instead of a thin quarto atlas he generally has an octavo or even duodecimo volume, and instead of predominant political boundaries and statistics of population, he learns of land-forms and their influence on peoples; of map-making in the several types of projection; of the causes of winter and summer; of day and night; of zones of climate; of the depths of the sea; and, besides all these matters, he hears economic questions discussed in so far as they are conditioned by natural resources. Geography has drawn to its aid geology, astronomy, mathematics, and economics, and has become revivified in an extraordinary manner. These new methods are illustrated in two books just published—"High School Geography, Physical, Economic, and Regional" (American Book Company), by Charles R. Dryer, and "Elements of Geography" (Holt), by R. D. Salisbury, H. H. Barrows, and W. H. Tower. Mr. Dryer's book is somewhat more elementary than the other, and is primarily designed for the high school. The boy or girl who goes through its pages will find it no child's play, but will in the end have a very intelligent grasp of the earth. Beginning with astronomical relations and geological processes, the student is conducted through economic geography to the "regional" part of the subject, in which the earth is described by physiographic provinces. The volume is largely the discussion of general principles with the earth as an illustration of their application.

Prof. John Milne, an eminent seismologist, died July 31 on the Isle of Wight, England, aged sixty-three. He was well known the world over, having travelled extensively in the United States, Australasia, China, Japan, the Southern Seas, and Europe. For twenty years he was employed by the Japanese Government, for which he established a chain of nearly 1,000 earthquake-recording stations. He also completed a seismic survey of the world for the British Association. Born in Liverpool, he had worked at his profession in Newfoundland and Labrador for Cyrus Field, Sir James Anderson, and others. Later he was geologist to Dr. Beke's expedition into Arabia before taking up his work for Japan. He was the designer of seismographs and of instruments to record vibrations on railways. Among his publications are "The Miners' Handbook," "Earthquakes," and "Crystallography."

Drama and Music

A legendary incident in the life of St. Francis of Assisi has been taken by Josephine Preston Peabody for her poetical comedy, "The Wolf of Gubbio," which Houghton Mifflin Co. announces.

James J. McCloskey, actor and playwright, died Monday in Brooklyn in his eighty-seventh year. He was born in Montreal and was one of the original California '49ers; later he managed a theatre in Marysville, Cal. In 1856 he went to Australia with Charles R. Thorne, and on his return to America played at the old Broadway, Bowery, and other theatres. Among his many melodramas are "Across the Continent," "Through by Daylight," "On Hand," "The Twelve o'Clock Man," "Across the City," and "Nuggets."

Among the soloists to be heard next season with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra are Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Margarete Matzenauer, Leopold Godowsky, Leo Slezak, Harold Bauer, Eugen Ysaye, Carl Flesch, Jacques Thibaud, Fritz Kreisler, and Paderewski.

In order to facilitate the efforts of American composers to obtain a suitable libretto for the $10,000 prize competition offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs the *Musical Courier* offers a prize of $200 for the best libretto on an American subject which shall conform to the regulations of the above mentioned prize competition.

The Maine Music Festival, which annually is given in Portland, under the direction of William R. Chapman, will take place this year on October 6, 7, 8. The list of soloists includes Mme. Schumann-Heink, Lillian Blauvelt, Mildred Faas, Roberta Beatty, Cornelia Rider-Possart, George Harris, Cecil Fanning, John Finnegan, Max Salzinger, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Hill. The festival chorus includes 800 voices from the cities and towns of western Maine, and the orchestra is that of the Boston Opera House.

"The Caruso among basses," is what some Londoners have called Chaliapin, who recently delighted them as Boris Godounoff. Others call him "a bass Tamagno," and "strangely enough there is an element of truth in both," says Alfred Kalisch in the London *World*. He declares that

> operagoers of long experience are agreed that there has never been a case of an instant conquest of London by an operatic singer comparable to that achieved by M. Chaliapin. . . . Chaliapin triumphed not only as a superb singer, but as an actor of magnetic personality. It is hardly possible to recall a singer whose voice is sweeter, or one whose legato is more perfect, or one who has the art of caressing a phrase more highly developed; while as regards power (by which I mean not only volume but skill in suggesting strength by the quality of the voice) he has no rival.

"German Motet" is the title of Richard Strauss's latest composition. It is for four solo voices and sixteen-part choir, unaccompanied. The words are by Rückert, and the publisher is Adolph Fürstner, Berlin.

On September 24 one hundred years will have elapsed since the death of Grétry. The Belgians are preparing to commemorate this date. They have reason to be proud of this composer, for in his day (he was a contemporary of Mozart) he was one of the most famous musicians in Europe. Following the advice of Voltaire, he went to Paris, where he soon became prominent and popular as an opera composer, and exerted a deep influence on other writers of comic operas, notably Isouard Boieldieu, Adam, and Auber. His operatic principles, which he discusses in his "Mémoires," are similar to those of Gluck; but while Gluck unblushingly wrote pleasing tunes, Grétry held that the singers should eschew melody and content themselves with recitative. In this respect Debussy is his pupil. The first instance of a leading motive (recurring melody) is found in one of the operas of Grétry, who also anticipated Wagner in suggesting that the orchestral players should not be visible.

One of the sensations of the next musical season will be Verdi's "Aïda" overture. He wrote an overture to his greatest opera, but was dissatisfied with it and refused to allow it to be played or printed. Interesting details regarding this affair are now made public in the *Giornale d'Italia* by the well-known critic, Eugenio Checchi, who got them from Franco Faccio in 1887. Faccio was conductor of the Scala Opera House in Milan at the time (1872) when "Aïda" had its first performances there. He relates that two days before the first public performance of "Aïda" Verdi came to him and said that he should like to have an orchestral rehearsal of the overture. Faccio was surprised, for this was the first intimation he had had that Verdi had composed an overture. The orchestra was promptly summoned, and the piece was played at sight. At the end all the musicians rose and applauded the mas-

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ter. Verdi quietly waited till they had given vent to their feelings, and then he called Faccio to his box and said: "Your orchestra played admirably, but I regret to have called for its services needlessly, for I am going to withdraw the overture." When Faccio asked why, he retorted: "I withdraw it because I do not like it." Faccio's efforts to make him change his mind were all in vain. Verdi had a habit of stubbornly adhering to what he had made up his mind to do; and so it came about that until the present year no one ever heard the "Aïda" overture except its composer and Faccio and his musicians. It is to be played again in the same opera house on the occasion of Verdi's one hundredth birthday, on October 10 next.

"The new Mozart" is the name now given in Vienna to Erich Korngold, the fifteen-year-old son of the musical critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*. He was only eleven when his pantomime, "The Snowman," was produced at the Imperial Opera in that city. It will be remembered that his "Schauspielouverture" for orchestra was played last winter by the New York Philharmonic, under Josef Stransky, and scored a genuine success. It most agreeably dispelled the current notion that this boy was simply a musico-mathematical freak, a precocious imitator of Strauss, Reger, and Schönberg. While his harmonies were entirely modern, he proved to be not a cacophonist for discord's sake; and, what is far more important still, he proved that he has that rarest of gifts, the faculty of creating melodies. The indications are that he deserves the name of "the new Mozart." His future doings will be watched with intense interest. He bids fair to become one of the great masters. The best article on this wonderful boy that has so far appeared is one by Hiram K. Moderwell in the July *Harvard Review* (which, by the way, has already taken its place among the leading musical periodicals).

Art

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for autumn: "The Life of Charles F. McKim," by Alfred H. Granger; "Personal Recollections of Vincent Van Gogh," by his sister, Elisabeth Du Quesne Van Gogh, translated by Katherine S. Dreier, and "The Significance of Art," by Eleanor H. Rowland.

When Mr. Howard C. Levis's "Descriptive Bibliography of the Most Important Books in the English Language relating to the Art and History of Engraving and the Collecting of Prints" (reviewed in these columns September 26, 1912) appeared in London in 1912, the need of an index became speedily apparent. This want has now been supplied by the author in a 141-page "Supplement and Index," the latter occupying more than 90 pages. Print collectors and others who own the original book will welcome this key to its store of information.

Henry W. Poore's "The Conception of Art" (Doubleday, Page & Co., fully illustrated), is, as the title suggests, intellectualistic in tendency. The idea of a special æsthetic sense Mr. Poore scouts. Art arises in the intelligence, borrowing power from the emotions, and its appeal is to the chiefly. In short, Mr. Poore accepts Croce's dictum, though seem to have read him, "art Beyond this fundamental Poore's criticism is entire he constantly reminds us, is "a way." John La prehensively, used to tion." For Mr. Poore and beauty do not co' may contain more or less beauty, or none at all, without forfeiting its title. It suffices that the artist's interest be deeply engaged and his idea expressed. Similarly, Mr. Poore tends to break down the sharp distinctions between realism and idealism, etc. All this is in the direction of things as they are. On the point of impressionism our author is less satisfactory. To say that the impressionist paints not a thing but his impression thereof is badly to beg the question. So broad and tautological a definition defines nothing. The isolation of the single impression is what really counts, with a corresponding swiftness and directness of execution. The last chapters, which contain Mr. Poore's comment on the latest schools of art, have been published already in a separate booklet and recently noticed by the *Nation*. As a whole, the book is of curiously uneven texture. It contains cogent and closely analyzed criticism, much chat and anecdotal illustration, many misprints. Our chief issue with Mr. Poore is that, insisting on a scientific definition of art, he accepts the loose and popular idea of beauty. Perhaps beauty is only our satisfaction in successful expression—the completed transaction between artist and amateur. This would make beauty relative, but also would constitute it a necessary concomitant of every sensation of art. In general this is a suggestive and interesting book, full of common-sense on topics that are often beclouded by mere rhetoric.

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To commemorate its loan exhibition of fine color-prints in May, 1911, the Japan Society of New York has published a carefully illustrated catalogue, prefaced by the lecture delivered by Frederick William Gookin at the opening of the exhibition. The volume is a thin folio in cartridge boards, is beautifully printed on fine paper, and is called "Japanese Colour-prints and their Designers." Mr. Gookin managed to pack a remarkable amount of information within the compass of a public lecture. His paper measures up very well with such compact manuals as Strange's. An even greater distinction of the volume is the illustrations. There are some two dozen color-plates, real facsimiles, mounted on Japanese vellum. These reproductions are made from famous prints in the best condition. Accordingly, this memorial album becomes a necessary auxiliary to the scrupulous collector. Besides, it is a beautiful example of book making, and the Japan Society doubtless will be under pressure to permit a wider circulation than is usual with similar club publications.

Java possesses some of the most wonderful Hindu and Buddhist temples of the world, built probably for the most part between the eighth and eleventh centuries of the Christian era. But they have suffered greatly from many causes—earthquakes, the fanaticism of the Mohammedan conquerors since the close of the fifteenth century, and the utter carelessness and callousness of the Dutch Governors who have allowed innumerable statues to be carried away by greedy collectors and who have permitted these immense temples, built without mortar, to fall to pieces for the want of a little care. Only within the last dozen years have Dutch archæological societies and colonial officials begun to awake to a sense of their duty. They have finally begun to restore, to photograph, and to study intelligently their neglected treasures. The purpose of Mr. J. F. Scheltema, who has just published, through Macmillan, "Monumental Java," is to sum up in popular fashion, with comments of his own, the results of these recent archæological investigations.

Mr. Scheltema is able to speak with some authority, owing to a very wide reading and to personal visits and studies in Java itself for thirty years. He is nothing of a Schliemann or a Winckelmann, and does not deal in exact descriptions in precise feet and inches. Rather he strives to do for the Boro Budoor and the other Javanese temples what Ruskin did for St. Mark's and Santa Croce. Like Ruskin, too, his scorn for the ordinary tourist and philistine is unmeasured. Visitors to the Paris Exposition of 1900 will remember the Hindu temple which housed the East Indian section and which Cabaton, in his excellent general account of the Dutch East Indies, refers to as a "very successful copy of the Tchandi (temple) Sari," a "beautiful specimen of Indo-Javanese architecture." It is characteristic of Mr. Scheltema's spirit that he anathematizes this same building as a "sorry spectacle prepared by the miserable bungling of mischievous quasi-scientific enthusiasts," a "mean, ridiculous imitation of one of the Buddhist jewels of central Java, a caricature of the Chandi Sari, the exterior in nondescript confectioner's style, daubed dirty white, the interior made hideous by a purple awning, abomination heaped on abomination." His volume is illustrated by good photographs and is enriched by a good deal of interpretation of Hindu mythology. It is a pity that, in the interests of clearness and good taste, the author did not submit his manuscript to some kindly friend more familiar with English idiom who would have excised some of the metaphors, improved the punctuation, and shortened the sentences.

The second edition of Margaret E. Tabor's "The Saints in Art" (Dutton, illustrated) shows more defects than one usually finds in such compilations. There is in fact little evidence of first-hand knowledge in the book. Since the attempt is made to name a famous picture for each prominent saint, the thing should have been done consistently. A reading of the first three letters suggests the following addenda: St. Agnes, Tintoretto at the Orto, Venice; St. Alexis, Lower Church of San Clemente, Rome; St. Anthony and St. Paul, Jan van Eyck at Berlin and Velasquez at the Prado; St. Barbara, Jan van Eyck at Antwerp; St. Benedict, frescoes at Subiaco and Monte Oliveto; St. Bernard, Perugino at Munich; St. Bruno, Eustache Le Seur at Paris; St. Christopher, Mantegna and others in the Ermitani, Padua; St. John Chrysostom at his titular church in Venice. Oddly enough, this lovely

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picture is the frontispiece of the book, but is misread a St. Jerome. It would be difficult to find a St. Cecilia "by the Van Eycks" at Berlin. Is it necessary to carry these observations further?

George Hitchcock, the American painter, died suddenly Monday on the Island of Marken, Holland, in which country he had made his home for many years. He was born in Providence in 1850. He graduated from Brown in 1872, and two years later from the Harvard Law School. But he soon gave up law for art, and studied in Paris under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and then at The Hague under Mesdag. For twenty-five years he had a studio in Edam, Holland, during which time he specialized in flowers, his Tulip Growing, painted in 1885, having first won him recognition in Paris. Some years ago Mr. Hitchcock turned to religious subjects. In this branch of his work may be mentioned The Flight into Egypt, Madonna and Child, Sainte Geneviève, and Hagar and Ishmael. He won gold medals in New York, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Chicago, and Dresden, was an officer of Franz Joseph Order of Austria, and a member of the Munich Secession, the Vienna Academy of Arts, and American Painters.

The death is announced from Gloucester, Mass., of William Pitt Preble Longfellow, architect, and nephew of the poet. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1836, and graduated from Harvard in 1855. In 1869 he was appointed assistant architect to the United States Treasury Department, and later was editor of the *American Architect*. He was the author of "Abstract of Lectures on Perspective," "Cyclopædia of Architecture in Italy," "Greece and the Levant," "The Column and the Arch," and "Applied Perspective."

Finance

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

Two incidents of last week, affecting the relation of the Government to the financial situation, have shown with unusual clearness how not to do it and how to do it. Government bonds decline sharply on the market; the finance minister of the United States publicly declares that the fall is due to a conspiracy of New York banks. Waiving consideration either of accuracy of the assertion or of official propriety in the action, the immediate conclusion of all experienced people was, that the market for Government securities had been injured by it. This was true for two reasons—that so unprecedented an action would be taken by many holders of such securities as evidence of a desperate situation, and that, even where this was not inferred, a desire to get free from connection with a market where such accusations were flying would have been instilled. Had that statement actually been the precursor of a continued campaign of incrimination, the effect on the value of Government bonds would have been most unfortunate. The statement left the Government bond market as weak as it was before.

Three days later came the announcement that the Treasury would increase the public deposits with interior banks, but with the stipulation that banks desiring such accounts must increase their bond-secured note circulation to a given ratio, if they had allowed it to be retired. Here was an expedient to which capable Treasury officers have in the past resorted. It is the business of a finance minister to support the public credit. The British Exchequer buys freely for the sinking fund when a fright has seized investors in British consols; the French Treasury does the same in a break in rentes. It is a matter of history that Secretary McCulloch actually sent to the Stock Exchange heavy Government buying orders for national securities, on the day after Lincoln's assassination. The present expedient, of granting legitimate facilities on conditions the performance of which would involve purchase of Government securities, has been successfully pursued before. This time, it put up the price of the 2 per cents two points, on the very day of its announcement.

The moral, as the improving tales of our childhood used to put it, is that when a troublesome problem has to be solved, in government or anywhere else, the thing to do is to set practically to work at its solution—not to complain and rail at some one else who is imagined to have created it. This principle has a much broader scope than its application to such passing incidents as those of last week. It concerns the attitude of all branches of the Government towards problems of the day.

It is an old rule, and a very good one, that when something is amiss in the body politic, it is the business of capable public men, first, to find out by calm and dispassionate inquiry what is wrong; next, to discover what will cure it, and then, in a sober and statesmanlike way, to apply the remedy. That was the commonplace method of another period. Nowadays, a substantial part of our legislators seem to prefer, under similar conditions, first, to let their imagination run wild as to what the real trouble is; next, to accuse the most conspicuous persons in the neighborhood of having caused it for their own wicked purposes, and thereupon, to discuss with the utmost heat and fury what punishment ought to be inflicted on them.

But even a child should know which of the two plans contains the larger possibility of usefulness. The first sets things right when they are wrong; the second merely stirs up a cloud of confusion and bitter feeling. As a matter of fact, both have been tried repeatedly in the world's past history. The use of the "conspiracy" theory is itself as old as the application of common-sense remedies—probably much older. But the one has the same relation to the other as the drowning of old women for practicing witchcraft on a farmer's cattle had to the later development of veterinary science, or as the mediæval charge that Jews were poisoning the wells had to the trained physician's struggle with typhoid. From one point of view, therefore, it might be imagined that repeated recourse to the idea that everything unpleasant is the work of malicious enemies and conspirators marks reversion to the public sentiment of the Middle Ages.

Happily, however, every one is aware that these are not the Middle Ages, with their ignorance, bigotry, and superstition; that the times we live in are, in fact, characterized in most fields of activity, as none have been before them, by a spirit of determined inquiry after the facts behind every phenomenon that attracts attention. Sooner or later, this spirit is bound to be wearied and disgusted with the practice of meeting every unpleasant development in a political or financial situation with the cry that some one is "conspiring." Most people are aware from experience that, in the practical affairs of life, such an assertion, if it does not mean hopeless superstition on the part of its author, is apt to mean intellectual laziness or outright incompetency. But this is not a period when any one of these three weaknesses is tolerated. It is not unreasonable, with such facts in mind, to predict that in due course it will be recognized, at Washington as elsewhere, that the practical common-sense way of remedying what is wrong is the wisest way, and that no individual or community ever helped its own condition by permitting its mind to be governed by the delusion of persecution.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, E. L. Word-Formation in Provençal. Macmillan.

Autograph, The. Vol. I—1911-'12. P. F. Madigan.

Bithell, Jethro. Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck. Walter Scott Pub. Co.

Briggs, T. H., and McKinney, I. A First Book of Composition. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.

Clifford, Hugh. Malayan Monochromes. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Cooper, Lane. Aristotle on the Art of Poetry. Boston: Ginn. 80 cents.

Countryman, Edwin. The Supreme Court of the U. S. Albany: Matthew Bender & Co. $2.50.

Crittenden, John Jordan. Calendar of Papers in the Library of Congress, Washington.

Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. A Runaway Ring. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Ebert, Justus. The Trial of a New Society. Cleveland: I. W. W. Pub. Bureau. 75 cents.

Goltz, Colmar. Jena to Eylau. Trans. by C. F. Atkinson. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Hemenway, H. B. Principles of Therapy under Modern Biology. Reprinted from International Clinics, Vol. II.

Hewlett, William. Uncle's Advice: A Novel in Letters. Duffield. $1.25 net.

Hosmer, G. W. The Battle of Gettysburg. (Reprint from the N. Y. World.) Press Pub. Co.

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Hough, Emerson. The Lady and the Pirate. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Hughes, Charles. Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.
Ingelow, Jean. Poems. Frowde.
Jenkinson, Emily. The Soul of Unrest. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Johnson, W. J. Abraham Lincoln, the Christian. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Negro Year Book. 1913. Alabama: Tuskegee Institute.
Norton, H. K. The Story of California. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
(Oxford Ed. of Standard Authors.) Longmans.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII, Several—Shaster. Frowde.
Perrin, Alice. The Anglo-Indians. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Report of the Department of State Fire Marshal for 1912. Albany, N. Y.
Ridley, Alice. Margery Fytton. Duffield. $1.30 net.
Rhys, Grace. The Charming of Estercel. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Ryan, W. P. Daisy Darley. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Shelley, Lady Frances. Diary. Vol. II, 1818-73. Scribner.
Smith, Mrs. Chetwood. The God of the Bees. Boston: Butterfield. $1.25 net.
Spencer, Sherwood. The Flood of Youth. Second edition. London: Fifield.
Wilkinson, Spenser. The Early Life of Moltke: A Lecture. Frowde.

The Yoke of Pity (L'Ordination), by JULIAN BENDA, is "certainly the novel of the year in Paris—the book which every one reads and discusses," says *The London Times.*

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